

THE NATION

JULY 6, 1957 . . 25c



HAITI UNDER the GUN

On-the-Spot Report by CARLETON BEALS

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

State of the Gospel

Dear Sirs: I have just read Canon Lloyd's *The Dilemma of Total Revolt* (*The Nation*, June 22), in which the author discusses the state of the "social gospel" (as it used to be called). It is a good article, although I found it to be by no means the whole story. Indeed, I must say it sounded awfully British and perhaps not quite up-to-date insofar as it touches on the American scene. For example, the author discusses what he calls the last book of Paul Tillich, which he happens to have read. The material in that book was first prepared years ago, before the war, I believe, and is not the perfect source for bringing Canon Lloyd up-to-date about America. The other comment I would make is that perhaps his article expresses a certain nostalgia for those days when Christian action was, to say the least, theologically naive. It must have given a former generation a great sense of righteousness to go blithely off carrying the white man's burden and doing the Lord's will with hardly a qualm about their own motives. It is true that we are all much more sophisticated and wary about ourselves, our motives and our Christian service. It may be that this very fact has brought us to a seeming inertia or stand-still, but I for one believe that this is only momentary, if it is true at all, and that new insights and undertakings are emerging in some very surprising places.

A key sentence in the article is this: "No one in politics, in trade unionism or in the religious world can claim to have found the way to win the loyalty of the anonymous industrial worker and his family." After a sentence like that I should have expected from Canon Lloyd some discussion of the great work being done by Canon Ted Wickham in Sheffield, England. Here may lie the answer to Canon Lloyd's next sentence, "Whoever finds the way first will in the end rule the western world."

FRANCIS B. SAYRE, JR.

Dean, Washington Cathedral
Washington, D.C.

Clues to History

[Last week Paul M. Sweezy commented in these columns on Joan Robinson's review of Paul Baran's *The Political Economy of Growth* (*The Nation*, June 1). Herewith Mrs. Robinson replies to Mr. Sweezy.]

Dear Sirs: There is no particular point

in Paul Baran's book being read by those who agree with it in advance. I hoped that my review might gain for it the attention of some whose prejudices are the other way. So far as his main thesis is concerned, Professor Baran hits the nail squarely on the head. I think it is Paul Sweezy who will "deter readers" by insisting that no one can profit from the book who does not "swallow it whole."

Sweezy asks for my reaction on a number of points. On "inflation," please excuse me. I have written enough about that already. On birth control, I think Sweezy is behind the times, since the Chinese have taken up family planning. I have won a number of small bets with my Marxist friends on this, for I always believed that the Chinese had too much sense to avoid doing a good thing because people have advocated it for bad reasons.

The questions about the philosophy of history are better worth discussing. I do not myself see much point in the history of "if only. . ." It seems to me that if, for example, the world had been such that a European power had not dominated India things would have been so radically different from all that we know that there is only idle amusement to be got from speculating about how matters would have turned out in any particular respect.

Even for the purpose of amusing speculators, to compare India and Japan is not much good. Where there are comparable cases—say, Siam, Burma and Indo-China—Baran's case, that political independence makes for economic development, would not be easy to support.

The question of what would have happened if socialism had been set up first in an advanced capitalist country goes much deeper. On this I do have a different theory from Baran and I will try to state it briefly. I regard the question itself as a source of confusion.

I believe that the clue to economic history is to be found in the interaction of the "forces of production" and the "relations of production." The Communist "relations" seem to be highly suitable for doing the job of developing the countries which missed development under capitalism, while those which have already been through the painful part of the process can now jog along with a slowly rising standard of life and a working-class saturated with capitalist ideology. The moral I want to draw is that these countries are in no way menaced by the spread of communism (or of various "socialistic pat-

terns"), so that peaceful co-existence is natural and logical, quite apart from the main reason for desiring to see it accepted. This is why I found the remarks in Baran's preface ill-judged. But I still maintain that his book is very well worth reading.

JOAN ROBINSON

Cambridge, England

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

1 •

ARTICLES

3 • Haiti Under the Gun

- I. The Peace of Death
- II. A Country Made for Dictators

by CARLETON BEALS

11 • Sports in America: Money, Muscles—and Myths

by ROGER KAHN

13 • The Moral Deterrent

by JAMES AVERY JOYCE

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

14 • The "Logic" of Imperialism

by WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

15 • Provocative Entertainment

by WILLIAM BITTNER

15 • Flight and Return (poem)

by STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

16 • Give a Life to Live

by KATHERINE HOSKINS

17 • Theatre

by HAROLD CLURMAN

19 • Art

by MAURICE GROSSER

20 • Footnote (poem)

by CHARLES NORMAN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 20)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Anne W. Langman, Television
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, July 6, 1957, Vol. 185, No. 1

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright 1957, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year \$7, Two years \$12, Three years \$17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian \$1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

EDITORIALS

The Monster of Conformity

The commencement oration puts the seal of high academic approval on the theme-of-the-year; for a subject to echo in commencement orations it must be ripe for mass acceptance. If this be true, then this year's commencement orations indicate that a watershed has been crossed, that splendid new vistas stretch before us. For this year's favorite subject, by a wide margin, was the blight of conformity. "Arise, Ye Silent Class of '57," reads the caption of *Life's* editorial of June 17, "You've Nothing to Lose But Your Conformity." Quoted are damning indictments of conforming tendencies in the collegiate generation by Yale's President A. Whitney Griswold, by Brandeis University's Abraham Sachar, by Colorado's Quigg Newton, by Dr. Paul Tillich at the New School for Social Research, and by I.B.M.'s President Tom Watson, Jr. speaking at DePauw. And there were others, not mentioned, including Dr. Robert M. Hutchins' address at Hunter College and—the ablest of the lot—President Wallace Sterling's eloquent plea for "the non-conformity of reasoned judgment" at Stanford's commencement. So much was conformity under direct attack that one orator felt called upon to say a kind word for it; it was as though he felt that some one had to speak up for the old folk-value. At the same time, the *Wall Street Journal* published two caustic pieces on the Class of '57, which was characterized as "silent, satisfied, fired by few political or economic challenges" (June 11 and 14). In fact, most of the commencement editorials as well as the orations echoed the theme of *The Nation's* Careful Young Men feature of March 9.

Of the commencement orations, *Life* sagely commented: "All this is serious and challenging talk, and we hope it strikes some serious and thoughtful answers from the Silent Generation," whose "very quietness" is due, one is told, to the manner in which this generation was catapulted directly from childhood to adulthood. It may be so. But there is a delightful quaintness in the spectacle of *Life's* half-mocking discovery that conformity just might be the new "peril" or "menace," the new theme-of-the-year. For high among

the influences that have produced rigidly conforming attitudes—a fact noted in Dr. Paul Tillich's commencement oration which *Life* did not quote—must be listed the emphasis placed by the mass magazines on the citizen-as-consumer, the citizen whose prime function is to buy brand-name products and new-model cars and appliances. Eleven months of the year the mass magazines boast of their power to induce conformity; only in the aberrant month of June is editorial note taken of its blighting effect. A recent full-page ad of the Hearst magazines contains a passage which accurately states the non-editorial position of the mass magazines on conformity:

Magazines tell us what to buy. What to eat. Where to go. How to go there. How to get our children and how to raise them. How to handle the old mumbling-bumbling birds-and-bees job—and handle it right. . . . More than any other medium they [mass magazines] reflect the mores and ever-changing patterns of what is known in any one year as "our times."

Slight wonder that *Life's* editorial has a mirthless quality about it. To be forced to realize, of a sudden, that you've helped create a monster that may well become the peril-of-the-year must be an edgy experience.

Lifting the Caribbean Curtain

Remembering the display of vast energies by Mr. Dulles at the time of the Guatemalan crisis, world opinion is watching with interest to see how Washington reacts to the recent events in Cuba and Haiti. American opinion, too, might be induced to focus on the immensely significant developments in these sister states—developments vividly reported by *The Nation's* Carleton Beals (see page 3) in stories which have been widely reprinted in the press of Central and South America—if our own press were disposed to lift the curtain on what is happening in the Caribbean. But with the exception of *The New York Times*, and the *York Gazette and Daily* and *Madison Capital Times* (which cooperated with *The Nation* to send Mr. Beals to the Caribbean), the press and wire services are more interested at the moment in Hungary and China than in Cuba and Haiti. Enough news has come through, however, to make the issue clear, notably in Haiti. In

a letter to *The New York Times* (June 27), Daniel Fignole, a candidate for the Haitian presidency, now in exile, states the minimum conditions for the restoration of order:

There must be an end to the persecutions of citizens who fight for the application of democratic principles. There must be an end to the methods of intimidation employed against the people. . . . There must be guarantees of institutional order; a law governing the free functioning of political parties, a democratic electoral code.

With the consent of whatever regime succeeds in restoring order, democratic elections should be held under the supervision, if necessary, of the United Nations. Until these conditions are met, Washington should refuse to extend any aid, much less recognition, to the military *junta* that has illegally seized power in Haiti. No one knows what role Trujillo has played in the tragic events in Haiti, but the Dominican dictator is an expert assassin of democratic regimes. If Washington refuses to safeguard the interests of the Haitian people, the stage may well be set for another Caribbean dictatorship.

Civil Rights Can Win

Despite the gloomy forebodings of Senator Ives, the prospects for Senate approval of the civil-rights program are good. In voting 45 to 39 to by-pass the Judiciary Committee, the Senate made it possible to place the legislation on the calendar for July 8 and, at the same time, managed to reduce the legislative opportunities for filibusters. Nowadays most of the Dixiecrats are elderly gentlemen, short of breath, who, in the muggy atmosphere of Washington in midsummer, are likely to wilt fairly soon; not more than two weeks should be required to "wear them down." The admission by their maladroit spokesman, Senator Eastland, that adoption of the proposed jury-trial amendment would not placate them, neatly exposes the fraudulence of that particular maneuver. Moreover, the continued attacks by the Dixiecrats on the Supreme Court are consolidating support for the civil-rights program; it is becoming clear, for example, that one way to bolster the Court's decision in the desegregation cases is to guarantee the Negro's right to vote.

The political factors, also, have shifted in favor of the civil-rights program. For the first time, the Republicans have espoused civil-rights as a matter of highest party policy. The by-passing maneuver was initiated by Senator William Knowland, nominal Republican leader in the Senate and spokesman for the right-wing of the party, with an assist from Vice President Nixon who, shortly before the ruling and vote and on the eve of the NAACP convention in Detroit, staged a carefully-publicized meeting with the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Reverend Ralph Abernethy, leader of the Montgomery bus-boycott

movement. Both in the Senate and the House, more Republicans than Democrats have voted favorably on civil-rights roll-calls. Under the circumstances the liberal and moderate Democrats must bestir themselves for they cannot permit the Republicans to charge that the civil-rights program was defeated by a filibuster in which only Democrats participated. Should this happen, the Democrats can forget about regaining control of the White House in 1960.

India and the World Bank

Washington

One would never have dreamt that in the race for economic primacy in Asia, the ultra-conservative International Bank for Reconstruction and Development would, in effect, support China against India. It's generally recognized that the outcome of peaceful competition between these two awakening giants will weigh crucially in all other undeveloped countries' choice of roads.

Yet under Mr. Eugene Black, its president, the World Bank—as it is commonly known—made absolutely clear its refusal to lend capital to the public sector of Indian industry. It has been pressing India to entrust its future to private capital.

We do not believe state ownership of industry to be a panacea. The British Labor party, during its 1945-50 period as the government of Britain, learned the advantages of a mixed economy. The more recent experience of Communist Yugoslavia and Poland has led them to revert from partially collectivized agriculture to private land tenure.

Last September, Indian Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari stated his government's opinion in a letter to Mr. Black: "We are, of course, not convinced that the motive of private profit is the only one which can ensure efficient operation of an industry; nor do we believe that private enterprise is inherently superior to State enterprise. Indeed, the short experience we have had with State enterprise leads us to believe that they can often be more efficient than private units." These remarks were provoked by a letter from Mr. Black, intensifying pressure on India to adhere to orthodox capitalism: "I have the distinct impression," the schoolmasterly bank president had written, "that the potentialities of private enterprise are commonly underestimated in India and that its operations are subjected to unnecessary restrictions there."

To an outsider, Mr. Black's strictures would convey the impression that India has been plunging headlong into socialism. The truth is that more than 90 per cent of that predominantly agrarian country's economy belongs to the private sector. Under India's second Five Year Plan, which runs until March 31, 1961, the ratio will be reduced to about 80 per cent. This is al-

most exactly the proportion between the private and public segments of the British economy, which even Mr. Black hardly views as a wild venture in Red revolution and which the Conservative governments of Churchill, Eden and Macmillan found it wise to retain.

India has been able to borrow from the World Bank for public utilities like power, roads, harbors and railways. It is when it comes to industry that the Bank slams the door in India's face. This is an issue of overwhelming importance. European loans, largely responsible for the growth of India's government-owned industry, are now harder to get. The German money market is tight. Britain is financially exhausted after

the prodigal Suez adventure. Countries where money is relatively loose—Switzerland, France and Belgium—have shown little initiative in India.

While the U.S. Government is engaged in ambitious, confidential research on the comparative economic outlooks for India and Red China, Mr. Eugene Black thinks he has found the answer. It is to transplant boldly the methods of the New York money market to India. It's as simple as that. But, among other weaknesses, Mr. Black's solution happens to ignore the contrast between the superabundance of private capital in America and its absence in India.

In practice, the World Bank is conceding the race to Communist China by default.

HAITI UNDER the GUN . . by Carleton Beals

The fever of rebellion which pervades much of the Caribbean is at its highest now in Cuba and in Haiti. Last week Carleton Beals, veteran journalist and author of many books on Latin America, reported on the "unfocused" revolt against the Batista regime. Today he reports on his personal experiences in Haiti, and

on the complex factors which have put that unhappy country in a state of chaos—and very nearly in a state of bankruptcy—in the last six months.

Among Mr. Beals's books are Banana Gold, America South, The Crime of Cuba and Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

1. The Peace of Death

Port-au-Prince
UNDER martial law and an eight-o'clock curfew imposed by the new Haitian military *junta*, the capital of Haiti, Port-au-Prince, has for the past week been peaceful, without violence. But it is expected to get back to normal very soon.

It is the peace of death. The brief effort of the Haitian people to obtain a freely-elected government has been crushed in blood. General Antonio Kebreau, head of the *junta*, rules from the main barracks with an all-military cabinet of unknown colonels and captains; the dazzling white National Palace that lords it over this city of squalor stands vacant and sealed, the streets blocked off to traffic, soldiers in the three nearby barracks on the alert day and night.

I arrived several days after Kebreau and his soldiers had burst into a cabinet meeting, put a gun at President Daniel Fignole's head and shipped him out in the dead of night. Kebreau's only excuse was that Fig-

nole, trying to restore civilian control, was undermining army discipline. He also mentioned the need to protect life and property. But for months life and property have been endangered chiefly by the army and its armed *clagues* let loose in the streets to kill and shout *Viva l'Armée!* Life and property have never been more menaced than by the actions of the military *junta* itself.

THE NEW Caesar turned his soldiers loose on the slum districts—which comprise most of this city except for the tourist hotels and palaces of generals and ex-cabinet ministers on the cool hills of Petionville. Particularly they struck at the shacks along the harbor front and the boulevard to the airport, one of the filthiest, most sickening conglomerations of misery, disease and horror I have ever seen, and at the tangle of workers' homes known as Bel Aire. Unarmed people, demonstrating in favor of their fallen idol, Fig-

nole, were mowed down by machine guns.

The hospitals are jammed with wounded, and the latest estimate of dead reaches 476. The actual number cannot be known because all but the few bodies taken to the morgue were loaded into lorries and buried in the plain. There have been no funeral processions. Relatives have been afraid to claim bodies in the morgue. The others cannot be recovered.

Many demonstrators and people dragged at random from their homes were dumped without food or shelter on La Gonave, an uninhabited island forty miles off shore. Every day trains of people are led down the streets by the soldiery, and every day soldiers have been terrorizing, by illegal search or arrest, the followers of Fignole, of candidate ex-Senator Louis Dejoie, and officers of the Popular Social Christian Party (Catholic). The vice president of that party, Alain Laraque, who is also head of the Chamber of Com-

July 6, 1957

merce, was badly beaten at the police station and his nose was broken; he is now held incommunicado, as are others.

François Duvalier and Clemente Jumelle, the two other main candidates, have not been molested. Almost part of the army machine, they showed by their proclamations of June 13 a prior knowledge of Kebreau's assault on the Palace and acquiesced in it.

Jumelle, already badly discredited as Minister of Finance and Public Health in the dictatorial regime of General Paul Magloire (dumped last December 13), was in large part responsible for the worst orgy of systematic thievery in the history of Haiti. Jumelle left the country bankrupt, its industries in ruins, and with a piled-up debt. He did no blessed thing for public health. Kebreau's coup, some believe, was to shut off disclosures by a special investigating commission, due to report June 19, concerning the corruption of the Magloire-Jumelle regime and the army.

I HAD VIVID proof of Kebreau's terrorism within less than twenty-four hours after my arrival. An officer and two soldiers forced the Plaza Hotel manager to unlock my door. They lunged in with leveled rifles (I was in undress). Having stormed the barricades so valiantly, they proceeded to look over my room.

I went to the barracks and demanded to see Kebreau (who might at least put some of his idle soldiers to work cleaning up the sidewalk filth around the outer walls). My conversation with the officer, I presume a major, called by the officer-of-the-guard, began politely but ended rather acrimoniously, with a note of menace. I said I had not come to get an interview but to make a protest and to demand proper professional guarantees; I added that I expected the general to send me an apology.

Instead, when a small news item about the incident in my room appeared in the local *Independance*, the police dragged the owner of the Plaza Hotel, Rossini Pierre-Louis, to the police station, and there accused him of international conspiracy with

the foreign press against the government. I'm still waiting for the apology.

Though the irritating incident was trivial, it indicated the lawlessness of the regime and its contempt for life and property. The Vice-Consul at the United States Embassy told me, "in behalf of Ambassador Gerald A. Drew," who did not find it convenient to see me, that no protests in behalf of maltreated Americans or violations of press rights could be made because Washington has not yet recognized the *junta*; furthermore, martial law gave the soldiery of this illegal gang the right to break into anybody's home or hotel room. He did not quite subscribe to Dulles' thesis that Haiti, like China, is a place where no American newsman should be allowed to go, that the State Department is the sole arbiter of what news the American press may gather and what news the American public will be allowed to read.

But even the limited doctrine set forth at the embassy in Port-au-Prince, that the American newsman has no rights the military gang is required to respect, represented an abdication of basic rights long established under international law and in particular by the American Declaration of the Rights of Man, to which Haiti is also a signatory.

I applaud the effort of the embassy not to meddle in Haitian affairs, especially as the United States has entered into agreements outlawing intervention with all the American states. But proper concern for human rights under recognized international precedents and law would win us friends in Haiti, in all America and around the world and would not be intervention.



Actually, the United States constantly intervenes in Haiti. We poured more money behind the corrupt Magloire dictatorship than behind any previous government. That dictatorship had no respect for democracy or human rights, and the American taxpayer's money was stolen by politicians and the army with few benefits for the Haitian people and little benefit for the reputation of the United States. In a sense the present murderous conduct of the Kebreau government is a result of American policy in Haiti. Last February, to stave off acute suffering due to the previous Magloire abuses, the United States shipped in rice, beans and other provisions—for Haitian army speculators to handle at prices so high some of the shipment spoiled and had to be dumped into the harbor. We have trained and equipped this oversized, over-generated army now abusing the citizenry in a frantic effort to hang on to its unholy privileges. "U.S. Air Force" cars buzz around the streets. A recent consignment of trucks, destined for public works, I was told, has been appropriated by Kebreau's soldiers. For what? To dump the bodies of murdered Haitians into unmarked graves? And it is startling to see prisoners herded along the broken, rubbish-filled streets by soldiers wearing knapsacks labeled "U.S. Army." The Haitian people are not blind, and the grapevine now has it that Kebreau, if he will false-front his bayonets with a civilian *junta* ("two honest men and one son-of-a-bitch to please Washington"), will be granted a preliminary American credit of six million dollars. He needs this to pay his army. At the moment, there's not a dime in the treasury; and starvation is again around the corner.

Prominent people, and less prominent people, continue to be dragged to the police station or the barracks—not once but repeatedly—to be questioned and threatened and in some cases physically maltreated. One of the first decrees of the *junta*, based on a forgotten law of 1826, makes it a crime for any business to close its doors without official consent. The *junta* fears another

The NATION

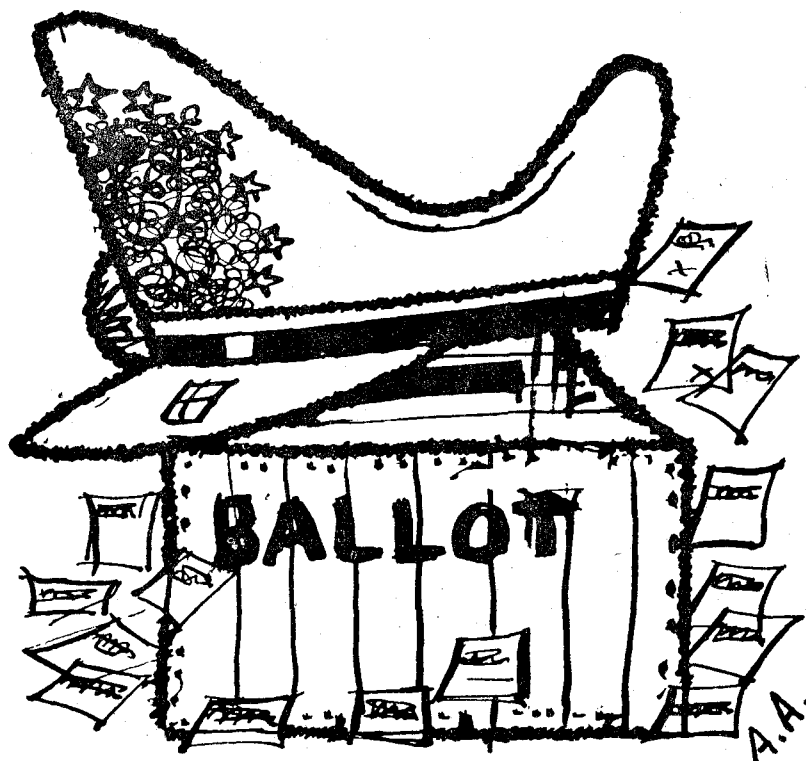
general strike such as that which tumbled Magloire's dictatorship. Before the week was out, the police took the heads of the Chamber of Commerce and scores of business men to the barracks or the police station, and charged them, without evidence, of planning such a strike. Few people doubt that resistance will soon boil up.

Among those arrested was the owner of a grocery store which I patronize near the American Embassy. The police chief (who only this May, when he was a commander in the interior, plotted to assassinate the members of one of the civilian governments) accused him of preparing to shut up his shop on Monday (this was Saturday). He demanded to face the army colonel who, the chief said, had reported that the shop owner had told his employees not to show up on Monday. The owner was held all day. Finally the police brought in his employees. Fortunately they had the courage to say that he had never told them not to come to work on Monday, and all were released.

Another employer was not so lucky. One of his employees nursed a grudge. So he is in jail, and the police accomplished what they sought to prevent, the shutting down of his business.

THE CHIEF reasons for Haitian disorder are clear. The Haitians are probably the worst exploited people on earth and never worse than now when most of the world is moving ahead to better standards. The average income of the Haitian worker is \$65 a year. Anyone who has tried to provide for a family of five on 18c a day—even if there are a few bananas and mangoes hanging from the trees—will know that a piece of calico to cover nakedness can be obtained only by doing without the daily handful of rice, that children cannot be sent to school even when there is a public school, that there is no money for doctors or medicine, let alone for any of the amenities of life.

Yet these good-humored, kindly people, with their great dignity and grace even in poverty, have great potentialities. If they were given



the slightest opportunity, they would accomplish much for themselves and their country. Few people can match them in artistic taste, and out of the worst poverty have come remarkable painters, sculptors, poets, writers and musicians. But Haiti's best talent is ruthlessly destroyed.

The more exaggerated military evils that have ruined Haiti developed under the Magloire dictatorship. He took over the country in 1946, imposed puppet President Dumarsais Estimé, then kicked him out by another coup in 1950. Magloire's 1953 budget totalled 175 million *gourdes*, but his hand-picked congress voted him 200 millions extra to use without strings. By 1956 the total of both budget and slush fund reached 456 million *gourdes*, and Jumelle had piled up a 325 million-*gourde* debt and had borrowed ninety million *gourdes* from the government's National Bank. [The *gourde* is worth 20 cents.]

THESE ENORMOUS sums disappeared, leaving no public works of importance or any other benefits. Almost the only tangible accomplishment was building the Artibonet Valley dam (estimated cost \$9 million, actual cost \$30 million), and it

is so badly constructed that presently it will fill up with silt.

Magloire ruined even the telephone system. For a time only those friendly to the regime could get their phones repaired. Now the whole system has gone to pot; only a few phones in government offices and the barracks give service. Probably no other city of its size in the world is without phone service. The pavements have not been repaired for years. Even the main business streets and sidewalks are full of deep holes and rubbish. The only fairly good roads are those climbing the hills to the rich villas. Stinking drains from houses cross the sidewalks every few feet, and the sewers, which have to be cleaned periodically because of the run-off of gravel and silt, now bubble up at every manhole, creating a stench in this hot town that is beyond description. This shabby but gracious and beautiful city, with its wide gardens and brilliant flowers, is the worst pest hole in the Americas, perhaps in the entire world.

Besides looting of the public treasury, Magloire and the army set up an iron-clad monopoly that still exists for soap-making, tobacco, flour mills and cement. One-third of the

Profits went to Magloire, now in exile in Paris, one-third to his chief of police, Marc Prosper, who built a half-million-dollar mansion in Petionville.

The army, not content with its one-third, was given in addition the income from banana exports, at the time about ten million stems a year. "They took the profits, then ate the bananas," remarked Georges E. Rigaud, an agronomist. The banana industry is now all but ruined. Forty-eight per cent of the coffee export price is taken by the government, mostly for the army. Half of this is supposed to be used to promote better production and to help the growers, who are mostly small peasants. Not one cent has ever been so used. The coffee harvest this year will be the smallest in Haiti's history.

Magloire, Jumelle and the army left the country ruined, bankrupt, its trade all but paralyzed, close to the very nadir of its history. The mulattoes, who took over Haiti after the ousting of the French more than a century ago, represented the better educated, well-to-do class; they ruled with the aid of the army,

and not always with much regard for the mass of the people. Now the army has devoured the mulattoes along with everybody else. Haiti is the prize example of the end that awaits a people which permits the bulk of its revenues to be used by the army, which allows its generals to become its spokesmen in public policies and international affairs.

THUS, in spite of the confusing swirl of names and the involved political intrigues, the Haitian problem is simplicity itself, though the solution promises to be incredibly difficult. It is the army versus the people of Haiti, an army above law and government, dealing out death at will, robbing freedom and property at will, shameless in its plundering. On the other hand, a people, made up of suffering peasants who get no profits from what they sell, workers who never get enough to eat and no medical care, a middle-class whose members are quickly crushed unless they kow-tow to the army system, professionals who can scarcely work, business men hemmed in by army monopolies, subject to unreasonable taxes, hampered by

endless red tape from an earlier feudal era and restrictions both lawful and unlawful.

The issue was clear enough last December 13 when Magloire was booted out by a general strike involving everybody in society from top to bottom, joining hands across all economic, class or color lines. The poorer peasants brought no food to market; the stevedores moved no cargo, the chauffeurs drove no cars, the commercial classes closed up their businesses drum-tight and not all the arrests or the breaking-in of soldiers could open them up again. There was little use in soldiers sitting behind the counters when not a soul would buy a penny's worth. There were similar demonstrations during the six months whenever the army tried to move back into control or the Magloire elements tried to regain the upper hand. For six months the people have striven, against constant army conspiracy and repeated betrayals by their leaders, to establish an honest government, freely elected. Now, under Kebreau, the vicious Magloire gang and the army are back in the saddle, ruling by terror.

2. A Country Made for Dictators

IN AN ILLITERATE country like Haiti, whoever can read or write has a tremendous economic advantage. Even the peasants of the interior know this, and all who have the slightest margin are making every sacrifice to educate their children, though the government provides few schools.

The result is an inflated middle-class, which finds only limited opportunities (for the productive basis is lacking), and an increase of discontent among people with more knowledge and understanding than those of the peasant and working class. This new educated group has found few outlets for using its knowledge and talents. Most are not anxious to become politicians, for politics is corrupt and uncertain, though its rewards for some, particularly the dishonest ones, are considerable.

Many become government employees, but the average wage in the bureaucracy is \$80 monthly, and today the simple little house, maybe a bedroom, *sala* and kitchen that rented for \$20 a month, now rents for \$50—an inflation due not to Haitian economy but to the *American* inflation, since the *gourde* is pegged to the dollar. For a man to raise a family on \$30 a month and keep up the appearances necessary to such a post is almost impossible. During the past ten years, these people have been forced out of their homes into living in miserable one-room shacks.

There is little Mary who opened my taxi door at the post office, then declined to accept the tip I offered her. She followed me inside, and when I paid no attention to her, said in a sweet, chiding voice in

perfect English, "Perhaps you don't like to talk to Haitians."

Mary was sixteen, neatly but simply dressed, and she spoke not only English but also German, Spanish and Italian. She was just out of an orphan school, but had been unable to find work. She survived by sleeping in a corner of a room and getting some food by helping a poor Haitian family. Her reason for speaking to me, she said, was to find out if she could write to me in the States so as to practice her English. I told her if she would, I would find a girl of her own age who would correspond regularly with her. Her fate is similar to that of many young people who have managed to acquire a bit of education in a land which has little use for it.

Interested in an orphan school that could equip a child so well, I

looked up the directress. She was a tired-looking woman, who has rarely received from the government the money she is supposed to get and has worked most of her life without a salary. She has kept the place alive by going out with a basket through Port-au-Prince and getting food and donations. She told me: "Little Mary is a very good girl and one of my brightest, and she still comes to see me nearly every day. No, we don't teach the children all those languages, but Mary was ambitious and she advertised to exchange lessons."

THIS LACK of opportunity is part of the lack of articulation in Haitian life and accounts also for the dilemma of the politicians. However well-intentioned they may be, they have no adequate communication with their people, for there is no adequate communication or organization among the people. It explains the confusing temporary alliances and broken alliances and betrayals of this confused moment. The lack of organized popular support has made it difficult for leaders wishing to preserve the popular gains won from the army. Without true support, politics become a sort of shadow-boxing.

It is true the people of all classes rallied many times during the past six months to try to preserve what little had been won, but after each Herculean effort the protests dissolved back into a formless mass, whereas the army is a unit, well-knit, well-organized and tireless in attempting to rule, and has succeeded in setting up and pulling down civilian governments to discredit each leader in turn.

Society has been torn to shreds by the previous dictatorship. Democracy cannot be pulled out of a hat. There are practically no public schools. There is no peasant movement and only a few Port-au-Prince labor unions: the stevedores', the chauffeurs'. All political parties, except for a skeleton Catholic Party, were wiped out by the Magloire dictatorship, so that politics is now intensely personal, run on the "leader" principle. There is one valiant non-political group, the

Haitian Democratic Alliance, roughly corresponding to the American Civil Liberties Union, led by a fine man, Edgar Nère Numa, a former presidential candidate, and by Dr. Rigaud, briefly Minister of Agriculture under the Estimé government. But it has no resources with which to defend people trampled upon. There is, of course, the Chamber of Commerce, to which at the moment it is dangerous to belong.

The printed word is beyond the reach of most Haitians even could they read. There are no magazines and no books published. The small four-page newspapers cost ten cents; only a handful of Haitians can afford them. The press is not free anyway, and more news about Haiti—and usually more accurate—is published in *The New York Times* than in the local journals. The leading sheets are subsidized by the government, which is why two of them were wrecked by the people at the time Fignole took over the government. There are two Catholic newspapers, one the organ of the Popular Socialist Christian Party, the other the *Phalange* (a misleading name, for both papers are courageous liberal organs). The only free paper that has miraculously survived is the *Indépendance*, run by Georges Petite, who, in and out of jail, has fought for the rights of the people for twenty-five years. He is a keen, courageous good-natured man, utterly fearless. When I mentioned his name to the boy in my hotel, he said simply, "He is the only true Haitian I know." The editors of Fignole's paper, *Foi Social*, were dragged to the police station early this week, but after they promised not to print Fignole's picture, were released and have brought out another issue.

THIS GENERAL lack of mass communications is in contrast to the militant group of about seventy wealthy high army officers, who are ready to perpetrate any crime to hang on to their power and privileges. They constitute a ruthless *maffia*, or something worse, for they have the weapons and the murder machine. They are *above* the government.

It is this lack of popular support,

imposed by conditions, which accounts for the gyrations of the presidential candidates, who are obliged to survive by agile wits rather than strength. Among the ten candidates, some of whom are merely fronts for others, three stand out besides Jumelle.

Dr. François Duvalier headed up the Rockefeller Foundation's campaign years ago to eradicate hookworm. He is also a full-fledged voodoo doctor (a real caste in the back country), and during his prolonged tour in the interior made many friends among the peasants. An Episcopalian (rumor has it that the Episcopalian bishop has put con-



siderable funds at his disposal), he is handicapped thereby in any honest election in this Catholic country. He was a member of the cabinet of President Estimé, Magloire's puppet government, but broke with Magloire and spent the last two years before the dictator's fall in hiding.

Daniel Fignole, a mathematics professor, now exiled in the United States, has won the loyalty of the *Lumpenproletariat* in Port-au-Prince, if not elsewhere. He manipulates the few labor unions of the port. He, too, was a short-lived member of Estimé's cabinet, and was jailed several times by Magloire—and once manhandled so badly he came out almost insane.

Louis Dejoie is one of the wealthiest business men in Haiti, owner of plantations and small industries. He is a graduate agronomist educated in Belgium and has been head of

the Chamber of Commerce three times. His hobby is bringing in new farm plants to Haiti, and he has built up a large business in processing essential oils. Twice senator, he consistently opposed Magloire and has made no deals with the army, refusing to recognize it as a governing force. Of all the leaders, he has emerged from the messy situation of the past few years with the cleanest hands, and his followers are now being hounded by the *junta*. His own son-in-law is in solitary confinement.

He is the only candidate who has put forth a definite program: work for four million Haitians through agriculture, full respect for the taxpayer's money, subordination of the army to the state, new enterprise. His plan to turn Haiti into a great sugar factory—he told me he had eighty million dollars of private capital already lined up—does not strike my fancy. That sweatshop industry has brought little happiness to any country. He is cool to the idea of starting manufacturing, remarking that it would not fit in with the present plans of the United States for Haiti. In any case, he impressed me more favorably than any leader I met. Even his enemies admit he would give Haiti progressive, honest government. He is preparing, if not arrested by the *junta*, to launch the new National Agricultural-Industrial Party, the initials of which—PAIN—if not a happy combination in English, in French spell BREAD. But it is doubtful if he can become president without making some deal with the army.

THE POLITICAL scene is complicated by two other factors: rivalry between the South and the North, and between mulattoes and blacks. The North has mostly ruled over the more advanced and prosperous South, which has not had a president since 1912, and which pays less attention to political life. Dejoie is from the South, which is solidly behind him, but he has harder sledding in other parts of the country.

The issue between blacks and mulattoes is raised chiefly at election times. It stems from former white French rule and the long rule by the mulattoes, who probably

number no more than 30,000, but who have been in an economically superior position. But in late years it has become largely a false issue: many blacks, such as Jumelle, are wealthy, many mulattoes are poor. Dejoie, however, is a mulatto, while all the other candidates espouse the blacks; in some quarters, this is a potent rallying cry.

All these complicated factors were reflected in the shifting alliances of the past six months. After Magloire's downfall, two governments succeeded each other with a semblance of legality. The third government, the so-called Collegiate Government, was made up of the representatives of four leading candidates and pledged to stage impartial elections. It had the confidence of the people, but was unwieldy and was beset by intrigue within and the efforts of General Leon Cantave, head of the army, to destroy it. One candidate broke with his representative, leaving only three candidates represented in the government. Then Duvalier quit over petty patronage involving his son and went over to the army and Magloire group bag and baggage. This left only Dejoie and Fignole, who made common cause against the old crowd but eyed each other distrustfully.

They had to stick together, for Cantave had raised up armed pro-army clagues in the street, and two army plots were uncovered to assassinate the heads of the Collegiate Government en masse. Cantave was ordered removed for rebellion, and his post was given to General Pierre Armand, Chief of Police, one of the more honest army officers. As Armand, on orders of the Collegiate Government, prepared to drive Cantave out of the barracks by force, Fignole betrayed both him and Dejoie by making a secret deal with Cantave, Jumelle, Duvalier and Emile Saint-Lot, the behind-scenes Rasputin of the fallen Magloire regime. It was agreed that Cantave would get out and go to the United States, his condition being that Kebreau, rather than Armand, be named head of the army.

In a night of dreadful confusion, Armand shelled the Cantave barracks, while henchmen in civilian

clothes, partisans either of Cantave or Fignole, shot Armand's men in the back and roamed the streets burning newspapers and the homes of hated members of the Magloire regime. Fignole then took over the presidency, thus betraying Dejoie, Armand and the Collegiate Government. Armand had to take refuge in the Spanish Embassy, where he still is.

During his brief tenure of office—nineteen days—Fignole made some gestures by decreeing two weeks' vacation with pay for workers, abolishing the hated irrigation tax on the peasants, and promised land reform. He also sought to gain control of the army, by-passing Kebreau in the matter of dismissals and promotions, even appointing civilians as officers. Kebreau struck June 14, and the short-lived regime "of the people" was over. The army terror began in earnest.

AT PRESENT Duvalier is said to have behind him seven-eighths of the army, the rest being pro-Jumelle. The pro-Dejoie elements have all been dismissed, and Kebreau is now in the process of searching their homes for arms. Fignole had little support in the army, none at all until his back-stage deal, though he is favored by some under-officers.

The ascendancy of Kebreau leaves only Duvalier and Jumelle in an immediate position to make a grab for the presidency. The one who will promise the army the most graft and patronage is likely to succeed. Jumelle has been trying to talk Kebreau into dismissing the other two military members of the *junta* and installing pro-Jumelle civilians, with the argument that this could get the blessing of the United States and take some of the curse off an all-military government. But both Duvalier and Jumelle are also uneasy, fearing they are being duped, that the army has its own dark horse up its sleeve. This is Luc Fouché, from the North, a thoroughly discreditable personality known as "the stooge of Trujillo." For the dictator of the neighboring Dominican Republic has close friends in the Haitian army and always has a finger in the pie of Haitian politics. Trujillo can al-

ways send clandestine arms shipments across the mountainous frontier.

Obviously no elections except bayonet elections can be celebrated by Kebreau and the Magloire mafia. Meanwhile, Port-au-Prince lives in breathless terror, not knowing who will be murdered next or what turn a bitter and blind revolt against Kebreau may take. Kebreau sits there isolated, hated, alone in the barracks with his soldiers, still afraid

to occupy the National Palace and carry on normal government. Meanwhile all the public services go to wrack and ruin. He has managed to get enough money from the National Bank, may get even as much as a million dollars, to meet the more urgent payrolls of the army and public employees; other than that, no money is in sight.

For the Haitian people he is no better than an alien conqueror and quite as ruthless. Yes, it will be a

sad day for the Americas and the so-called free world if this man, or the government he may set up, is in any way aided in holding on to power. But whichever way the wind blows, the Haitian people, caught in this moral and material bankruptcy and collapse, will pay a bitter price for a long time to come.

CORRECTION: In Mr. Beals's article on Cuba last week, he inadvertently referred to the distinguished scholar, Dr. Fernando Ortiz, as Dr. Fernando Castro.

SPORTS IN AMERICA

MONEY, MUSCLES—and MYTHS . . by Roger Kahn

THE BONDS that connect half-a-hundred recreations in America are a credo, which is competition, and a name, which is sports. No other single thread runs through them. Nothing else joins the skier crouching against a winter sky with the catcher squatting in the heat of August. No other tie binds the golden honeymooner pitching horseshoes in the spring at St. Petersburg with the halfback plunging through cold autumn mud at Notre Dame. There is no further link between the Puerto Rican who spars daily in a cramped Manhattan gymnasium and the Ford vice-president who sails weekly on Lake St. Clair off Grosse Pointe.

Without risk of oversimplification, the enveloping rise of sports in the United States during the past thirty years can, I think, be explained rather briefly. A society wholly involved in competition had an increasing quantity of spare time thrust upon it. Was there a more logical mass outlet for the new afternoons and days of American leisure? Occasionally an orchestra trounces Beethoven and a novelist routs the English language, but compared to Joe Louis trouncing Max Schmeling and the Brooklyn Dodgers routing the New York Giants, these are small, subtle skirmishes. Real competition, the kind that makes a salesman spring for a fourth round of martinis, is duplicated best upon the

Sports in America

At a moment when sports are very much Page 1 news (*vid.*, baseball hearings in Washington, boxing probes in New York, and the Dodgers and the Giants somewhere between the East and the West), one of the country's best sportswriters lets his amusing and informative observations roam over the sports landscape for the benefit of *Nation* readers. Roger Kahn, who once followed the ball clubs for the New York *Herald Tribune*, is now sports editor of *Newsweek*. He is one of those rare sports experts who realizes that a steal of home or a four-minute mile, while admirable accomplishments, do not necessarily represent the ultimate purpose of life on earth.

The article on this page is the first of three by Mr. Kahn. In subsequent issues, he will deal with the Sporting Press and the Athlete as Hero.

playing fields. You either make the sale or you lose it. You either hit safely or you make out.

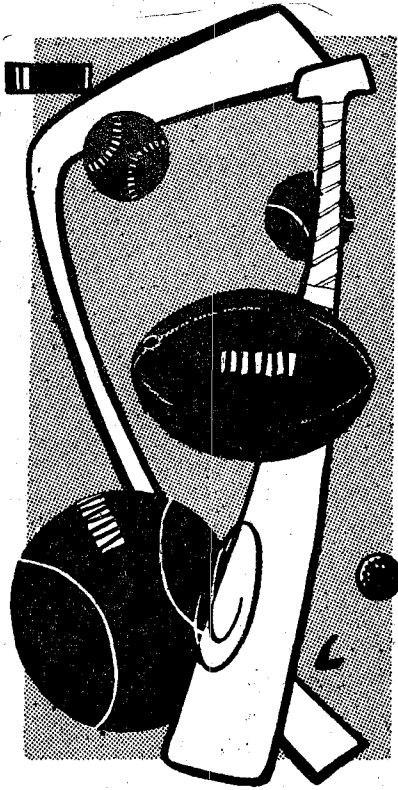
The commercial area of sports, with which I am most concerned, goes considerably deeper than that in reflecting society. Big-time sports have underscored the relentless trend toward the big devouring the small. Major league baseball expands while minor league baseball shrinks. More than fifteen million people watch

Oklahoma win a televised football game while City College of New York drops football as hopeless and altogether too costly.

I don't intend to offer a history of the growth of sports in America, but it is essential to a knowledge of present conditions to realize that as recently as twenty-five years ago, there was a place for the individual promoter. If he was, say, a boxing man, he had only to provide for the local sports editor each Christmas, issue free tickets to selected political hacks and control his sense of outrage when a fight was fixed before his eyes. Then, if he had a hall, he was in business and eventually he could send his son to Harvard. Today there is no place for the small promoter in boxing or in any other major sport.

With the exception of New York and Chicago, there is room for only one team in each major league city. As a result, a franchise is a natural monopoly. All sixteen franchises are controlled by the American League and by the National League, which work in consort. Only one racetrack can operate profitably in an area at any time. Various state commissions, which cooperate with one another, write the rules that govern racing. As for prize-fights, the federal government is now trying to prove that the International Boxing Club controls all championships and

July 6, 1957.



stands in restraint of trade. Every important track meet comes more or less directly under the supervision of the Amateur Athletic Union. The National Collegiate Athletic Association oversees all college athletic policy and dictates a TV football code to networks. In an era of bigness and centralization, sports are both big and centrally run.

The listing of these commercial sports, plus basketball, hockey, tournament golf and tennis, as a string of monopolies is not in itself an indictment. Through legalisms which I have been unable to grasp, the Supreme Court ruled that boxing is subject to restraint-of-trade laws, which baseball is not. Legalistics aside, what is repugnant about the monopoly pattern is the unvarying adoption of paternalism. In big-time sports, the player has no significant rights.

Baseball is organized as rigidly as a totalitarian state, even to having a commissioner at its head who rules, presumably, by divine right and from whom there is no appeal. Leagues are grouped in one of seven classifications and each division, except the majors, must accept specified salary limits. Directing and preserving this complex structure has become so involved that it requires

a body of by-laws ten times longer and considerably more pompous than the U. S. Constitution.

From a solely practical standpoint, it is a waste of emotion to pity a professional baseball player. Major league salaries run from the \$6,000 paid most rookies to the flat \$100,000 Ted Williams earns. The average on a successful team such as the Dodgers runs to slightly better than \$18,000 a man for six months' work. Minor league salaries drop off toward the \$125 monthly bottom, but in these prosperous times even the poorest minor league club-owner finds that he must bid in one way or another against aircraft factories and every other industry that advertises "Strong boy wanted for job with good future."

As league and team sports, professional basketball, football and hockey repeat the general outline of baseball and in no case are the athletes kept in serfdom. Even in the National Hockey League, where the family of a multi-millionaire named James Norris has a dominant interest in three of the six teams, the average player earns \$7,500.

MOST athletes seem satisfied with the owners' largesse, but it is noteworthy that generosity increased all around after major league baseball players banded together and hired a lawyer. The attorney has won some fringe benefits, but the owners retain the trump card. An athlete must accept the team's final salary offer or not play. A skillful bargainer may win a battle but never a war.

Several years ago Carl Furillo, Brooklyn's monolithic right fielder, so harried Branch Rickey, a suave man who was then directing the club, that Rickey agreed to give him \$16,500 of the team's cash and a prize Angus bull of his own. It is an anti-climactic point and one which still drives Furillo to rage that the bull was never delivered.

Bigness and paternalism in sports are with us permanently, I suppose, and should be accepted in the same spirit with which we accept A.T. & T. Yet there is a profound difference between industry at large and the sports industry in particular. Sports feed directly upon legend. To pre-

serve legend, they must operate behind a curious moral facade.

"Well, the company grossed a couple million last year," is enough of a justification to keep many successful business men from troubling themselves with questions about their presence on earth. With the big sports promoter there must be more. Victory, sportsmanship and tradition all cloud the profit and loss ledger. Baseball is "The Game" and football is "the natural outgrowth of competitiveness at a time when young men are at their physical prime" and boxing is "the basic, primal conflict." These catch-phrases guard the legend but in themselves are not enough.

The most fascinating and least reported aspect of American sports is the silent and enduring search for a rationale. Stacked against the atomic bomb or even against a patrol action in Algeria, the most exciting rally in history may not seem very important, and for the serious and semi-serious people who make their living through sports, triviality is a nagging, damnable thing. Their drive for self-justification has contributed much to the development of sports.

There is an appalling shortage of genuine myth in this country's background. There are semi-myth figures such as Washington, minor-myth figures such as Paul Bunyan, nonsense-myth figures such as Superman, but there is no Roland, no Arthur, no Siegfried. Obliging and profitably, sports promoters have thrown their hirelings into the breach. Hollywood offers Ava Gardner as Aphrodite; sports gives us Babe Ruth for Zeus.

The number of adolescent boys who would like to be Mickey Mantle is beyond calculation. Compare it with the number who would like to be Robert Frost. (I also imagine that the number of teen-age girls who would rather be Ava than Marianne Moore is considerable.) Fortunately for the promoters, sports have been even more successful than Hollywood in providing enduring myth images. Bust lines sag, chins grow flabby and last spring's Aphrodite becomes this winter's Helen Hokinson girl. Sports heroes are less susceptible to time.

Steve Ketchel was a fine boxer thirty years ago, but as a myth image he has taken on more depth and beauty in death than he ever possessed in life. It was Ketchel's posthumous luck to become the motivator of a Hemingway short story in which one character says: "I never saw a man as clean and as white and as beautiful as Steve Ketchel. There never was a man like that. He moved just like a tiger and he was the finest free-est spender that ever lived, Steve Ketchel, and his own father shot him down like a dog."

Other athletes have become myths through briefer images. An Illinois halfback named Red Grange is safe for history as *The Galloping Ghost*. Grantland Rice, who created a profusion of images, gave birth to four at once when he took a Notre Dame backfield named Layden, Miller, Crowley and Stuhldreher and began a story, "Outlined against a blue-gray sky, the Four Horsemen rode again."

With this sort of thing constantly bobbing up, and with a public eager

for godheads suitable for self-identification, sports people long ago learned to believe that, cash aside, their field was a thing apart.

"I CAN remember a brutally hot afternoon last summer," Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball, starts one story, "when I was walking near a post office in Manhattan. I noticed three letter carriers struggling under heavy loads, but all the while smiling and chatting. As I neared them, I realized that they were discussing Willie Mays and the New York Giants. Baseball had done that. With all their troubles and on this brutally hot day, they were happy because they were talking about *The Game*." Smaller baseball officials frequently tell smaller, but parallel, stories.

Somehow, over the years, it has worked. Somehow there does seem to be something different about baseball, or football, or horse racing; something cleaner, something closer to youth, something vaguely better than what we are doing at the moment. The sweep of legend and the

impact of competitiveness have been such that virtually every American over the age of two, thinks, talks, watches, plays or competitively resists sports.

But the feeling of essential shallowness can never be erased, a fact dramatically illustrated several years ago in Cincinnati. Heywood Hale Broun, son of the late newspaper columnist, was then a sportswriter assigned to cover the Brooklyn Dodgers. It was a June day, fresh with spring and burdened with a long double-header. "What am I doing in Cincinnati," Broun said aloud in the press box, "watching a ball game on a day like this when I ought to be home walking with my wife and kids." Broun silently closed his typewriter, caught the next train for New York and has since become an actor.

Big-time sports, on television or off, are unimportant as Woody Broun knew but, in mid-century America, they are an inevitable natural product and a symptom of the times.

THE MORAL DETERRENT.. by James Avery Joyce

THE PRESENT search for a "clean" H-bomb marks the depths of fatuity to which the military mind can descend in its total disregard of ethical values. That one set of military men should be proving—as they did at Christmas Island—that *their* bomb could beat the sun nearly 2,000 times by registering 16,666,666 degrees of heat, whilst another set of military men should be trying to prove that, by cleaning up its edges, *their* bomb would only eliminate 30,000,000 instead of 83,000,000 people, represents the *reductio ad absurdum* of that infamous doctrine called "massive retaliation." Likewise, the proposal put forward

JAMES AVERY JOYCE, *British lawyer and author of Revolution on East River, has worked on the I.L.O. and as adviser at the U.N. Economic and Social Council.*

in authoritative quarters that governments should stockpile male sperm so as to fertilize future females of the human species, and thus avert the appalling consequences to the unborn of atomic warfare, reveals not the glorious triumph of modern science, but its obscene degradation.

But the revolt of reason against all this has begun along a wide front—and not a moment too soon. There are signs that it is even making its impact felt on national leaders. It may be true that professional generals, during the last few weeks, have developed a flanking campaign of their own, insisting that the U.N. Disarmament Subcommittee, currently meeting in London, must not be allowed to succeed. We might have expected that reaction, anyway. When peace is about to break out, vested interests in that hoary

institution, war, rally together to save what they believe to be their own right of survival. Such is human nature.

Yet something more powerful than reason is moving among ordinary men and women today, something which is bound to grow more vocal in the "breathing spell" (if we still have it) ahead—something which begins to look like a world conscience. For the real crisis which confronts humanity, in spite of appearances, is not the military one, but the moral one. It is no longer a scientific dilemma which faces us, but a spiritual one.

Machiavelli would have died of shame to have given his Prince some of the advice which modern governments are now receiving from his successors in the art of defense. Samuel Johnson, had he been alive today, would have declared not

merely that patriotism was the last refuge of the scoundrel, but that it had become the tool of moral imbeciles. The distinguished scientist, Dr. S. Douglas Cornell, executive officer of the National Academy of Sciences, who stepped deliberately out of his immediate field the other day and pleaded for a "new level" of world statesmanship based on absolute moral standards, was voicing the common man's intuitive conviction that the "ultimate weapon" could never defend freedom, democracy or any worthwhile social order because it was itself the ultimate evil. No nation which resorted to it could preserve any human values whatsoever.

In short, it is no longer a question of "controlled fallout," or "ironclad inspection" or of any of the other futilities which pass for statesmanship; it is simply a question of whether man deserves to go on living any longer on this planet with a sin like this on his soul.

In case the reader loses patience at this point with a sense of the sheer impracticability of ever putting over such an attitude to the politicians who make the decisions—though there may be, indeed, something in meeting absolute weapons with absolute standards—he might be reminded that the "new level" approach is not quite so remote from current political acceptance as appears at first sight. For—make no mistake about it—the main debate has only just begun.

Take first the mounting campaign on the H-bomb by both main Opposition parties in Britain. This sense of building a political platform on the basis of clear-cut moral principles has always been very real in the history of the Labor Party, which has never been Marxist in its overall political philosophy. The absence of a genuine two-party system in the United States—i.e. where basic principles of social justice and economic organization are at issue—makes it somewhat difficult to translate the normal British experience into American ideology. As a case in point, there were between twenty and thirty—possibly more—officially-sponsored Labor candidates (including the present writer) at the last British

Parliamentary election who unequivocally stated in their printed election manifestoes, mailed to the whole electorate, or declared on the public platforms their intention in Parliament to oppose the manufacture and use of the nuclear bomb. The whole party was pledged then, as now, to the stopping of the tests; but these particular candidates went beyond the party mandate and, on broadly moral grounds, committed themselves to the absolute position: "Here I stand: I can do no other."

At least a dozen of the abolitionists were returned to the House of Commons last time. Within two years, what seemed a risky step, politically, to take in May, 1955, has become a tidal wave of public revulsion and demand. Expressing themselves so volubly today from all sides of the Labor benches—speeches that never get into the U.S. newspapers!—the abolitionists have so grown in number and support that it is by no means unlikely that Labor will, as a party, go to the voters of Britain at the next General Election with the complete banning of nuclear weapons as a major plank in its foreign-affairs platform. One thing is certain, the twenty or thirty abolitionists of 1955 will by then have become two or three hundred: for more and more constituency parties are selecting and backing candidates to represent them who are ready to go all down the line. Although none of these candidates has any truck with British Communists—a negligible factor, anyway—most of them feel that the chief obstacle to the success of their campaign in Britain is the pro-bomb force in the United States.

NOR ARE the abolitionists in the Labor Party by any means alone. The undoubted majority of religious, social, cultural and educational groups—including most of the universities—are behind the Labor rank-and-file demand for a more radical and courageous approach to discard nuclear weapons. The Liberal Party, for example, has carried its campaign against the Government's test policy into the streets and public squares, flanked by cohorts of doctors and scientists, who

have never or rarely before spoken on political platforms.

Whatever political prophets may infer from these recent trends in Britain—now the third partner in the nuclear racket—it is clear that any practical distinction in the public mind between *testing* and *making* nuclear bombs has broken down. More and more responsible and influential men and women are following the lead of the Pope, of Schweitzer, of Nehru, and of the other recognized world leaders and coming out against the bomb itself because it is so definitely *wrong*. All the other alleged claims made for it—"defense," "deterrence," "bar-gaining weapon," *ad lib*—no longer count with these people.

THE LEAST that can be said about this approach is that it is a good deal more honest and realistic than the current search for "ironclad inspection" or "foolproof guarantees" as an essential first step towards abolition. The public of the United States is indeed being fooled if it imagines that all that stands between it and salvation from atomic annihilation is an international scheme of U.N. inspectors or aerial photographs of enemy installations—and that the one thing holding up such an agreement is Russian intransigence.

On the contrary, neither the United States nor Britain has ever committed itself specifically to abolish nuclear weapons if and when a system of adequate control and inspection is discovered, agreed upon and applied. The frank and brutal situation is that, even if the Russians were to abolish all their nuclear weapons tomorrow—with or without "guarantees"—the Western powers at present still claim that they would "need" their nuclear weapons to stop the Russians from over-running Europe, Asia, Africa, etc. with their ground forces or beating the "free world" with conventional weapons. This starkly cynical policy has been repeated so many times by so many military spokesmen for the West that the assumed search for "ironclad guarantees" and what-not can be seen for what it really is: just another

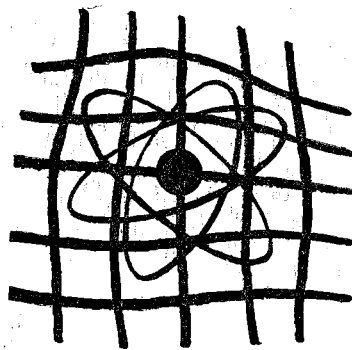
face-saving move on the Cold War checker-board.

We are therefore driven back on the absolute or "moral" approach as being far less abstract or sentimental than at first appears. In fact, since the real horrors of radioactive fallout—on which public attention has been fixed over the last few weeks—can no longer be hidden, a vital new element, hitherto neglected, has suddenly come into the forefront. Physicist Ralph E. Lapp told the Congressional subcommittee on radiation earlier this month that a 2,500-megaton bomb attack would eventually cause 16,000,000 defective children, 120,000,000 stillbirths and 140,000,000 embryonic deaths. We now know for certain that whatever this is, it is no longer "defense," "deterrence" or even "war." What we are dealing with is genocide.

AT Nuremberg, in 1945, genocide was put right outside the laws of war or peace as a "crime against humanity." The judgments passed on the war criminals who, deliberately and of aforethought, incinerated millions of their fellows in their hideous ovens, rejected the accused' reiterated pleas of "military necessity" and "superior orders" and condemned the mass-murderers for what they were. On December 11, 1946, the U.N. General Assembly, after carefully reviewing the "Nuremberg principles," as they were called, declared that "Genocide is a crime under international law, contrary to the spirit and aims of the United Nations and condemned by the civilized world," and resolved unanimously to embody the "Nuremberg principles" in a universal convention. On January 12, 1951, the Genocide Convention came into effect as world law. Neither the United States nor the United Kingdom has yet ratified the convention; but that omission does not prevent it from becoming a part of operative international law today.

Four aspects of the convention are relevant to the bomb issue. First, under Article II, genocide is defined in terms of "acts committed with intent to destroy, *in whole or part*, a national, ethnic, racial, or

religious group as such." The phrase here italicized was meant to cover the destruction of a large community—e.g. a complete town or city—without regard to the accepted Laws of War, discriminating between the innocent and guilty, or between civilians and combatants. "With intent" simply means doing a thing with foreknowledge of its natural or probable consequences. The exact meaning of "national," "racial" and other similar expressions can no doubt be argued at length—as was shown during the Assembly debates—but it doesn't require much imagination to replace "Poles" by "Russians" or "Jews" by "Communists," or vice versa, and so on down the line of prevailing ideological conflicts. Nor need energy be spent on searching how far down the line of mass slaughter we have to go be-



fore genocide merges with common types of killing, amenable to the Laws of War, and therefore outside the scope of the convention. The plain fact is that the closer one studies the text of the convention, alongside the day-to-day reports of the nuclear scientists, the closer the cap seems to fit.

SECOND, again under Article II, the crime of "imposing measures intended to prevent births within the group" strikes home so hard that one wonders how it could possibly have happened that governments which were unanimously voting for the convention at Lake Success but a few years ago, could also have been preparing the "measures" which they now seem willing to "impose" on other "national groups." For genocide is an "absolute" crime and cannot—following the Nuremberg principles—be excused as an Act of

War, or as a reprisal because *somebody else* is committing it.

Third, Under Articles III and IV, the net is, as it were, made watertight by provisions to punish not only genocide but "conspiracy to commit genocide" and "direct and public incitement to commit genocide"; and also by provisions which fix legal responsibility for the acts committed on the persons actually doing them "whether they are constitutionally responsible rulers, public officials, or private individuals."

Fourth, under Article XI, fifty-three nations have ratified the convention to date (including all the Communist nations), some with minor reservations. But not the U.S. and the U.K. Does this mean that the convention is null and void or ineffective? Although the international penal tribunal (on which the U.N. International Law Commission has been working for some time) is not yet established, Article VI provides, meantime, that "persons charged with genocide . . . shall be tried by a competent tribunal of the State in the territory of which the act was committed." But more important, both the *unanimous resolution* of the 1946 Assembly and the preamble of the convention, to which the U.S. and U.K. are *both signatories*, state categorically that genocide already is a crime under international law.

"Neither animals nor uneducated savages," said the Australian representative to the General Assembly in 1948, which called for speedy ratification, "would deliberately plan with the fiendish and cold-blooded cruelty which accompanies modern examples of genocide." The question which remains is: if "neither animals nor uneducated savages" would plan deliberately the destruction of the human race "in whole or part," *who would?* Which of the signatories will be the first to put the matter to the test by acting under Article VIII of the convention, which reads: "Any Contracting Party may call upon the competent organs of the United Nations to take such action under the Charter of the United Nations as they consider appropriate for the prevention and suppression of acts of Genocide?"

BOOKS and the ARTS

The "Logic" of Imperialism

THE COMING CAESARS. By Amaury de Riencourt. Coward-McCann. 384 pp. \$6.

William Appleman Williams

AMAURY de RIENCOURT first tells us that "expanding democracy leads unintentionally to imperialism and that imperialism inevitably ends in destroying the republican institutions of earlier days." Then he entreats us to go consciously forward with the noble work of establishing a World Civilization shorn of the Caesarism he has just said is inevitable. No wonder people are confused.

Entrepreneurs of the American Century, provoked by the assertion that they are tools in the hand of historical logic, and understandably at pains to deny the charge of Caesarism, fail to notice his final blessing on their labors. Hence many of his friends become his opponents, while his true critics, who could gain much from the exercise of refuting him, react with silence or scorn. It is more fruitful to approach the book seriously, so that its self-contradictory thesis can be set aside, if not lightly, at least with some reward.

Some of M. de Riencourt's difficulties arise because he is so busy paying court to that grand dame Profundity (he offers her antique analogies) that he neglects to exploit his own insights. Others are the result of insufficient research. More facts do not guarantee a definitive interpretation, but they do set narrower limits for error. As it is, M. de Riencourt dashes between the convenience of determinism and the responsibility of free will. History has a "hidden logic" which takes us where it will by an organic process; yet knowing this we can "under-

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS, editor of The Shaping of American Democracy, is assistant professor of history at the University of Oregon.

stand our predicament and overcome our difficulties." The solution he proposes, a World Civilization established by America's more efficient and benevolent expansion, does not appear to have much to recommend it (even if it were possible). For one of the very few things worse than a bipolar world would be a flat one rotating around Washington.

FOR ALL of this, and it is quite sufficient to spoil the book, M. de Riencourt performs an important service. He speaks candidly about the distance we have gone down the road away from responsible democracy. We may not have become the Garrison State, but we would appear to qualify as the Organized and Ready Reserve on maneuvers. Our Loyal Opposition has become so loyal, and dallies so persistently with the Existing Establishment, that opposition seems often to have no companion but heresy. And that is subversive of democracy, for it closes out debate by confusing disagreement over means with revolution over ends. We would do well to halt this process for our own sake, as well as to distract M. de Riencourt from his infatuation with "hidden logic."

Perhaps the best way to do this is to take his cue and think directly and critically about our expansionist philosophy of history, which holds that democracy is a function of expansion. He is quite wrong in maintaining that this thesis developed unconsciously, though his confusion on the point is understandable. For in our time the proposition that democracy, prosperity and security all depend on expansion has become an ideology in the root meaning of the term—a definition and explanation of reality that is firmly believed. It has become, indeed, the American Means to the American Dream.

But, contrary to his assertion, the

Founding Fathers did not think in terms of a "static America." Benjamin Franklin linked colonial prosperity to expansion across the Appalachians. George Washington advised his fellow planters to move westward and become "merchants on the land." Alexander Hamilton, applying the same proposition to commerce, came out in favor of a mercantile empire. Thomas Jefferson gave the thesis a striking formulation when he sought and defended the Louisiana Purchase with the argument that more land meant more democracy and prosperity. The Monroe Doctrine married Hamilton's mercantile and Jefferson's territorial expansion in an option on the development of the Western Hemisphere. And Jacksonian Democracy was based on exploiting the resulting empire.

Presidents Tyler, Polk and Pierce, along with Secretaries of State Webster and Seward, and Senators Benton and Douglas, applied the thesis to the problems of their era; approaching, explaining and justifying their territorial and commercial expansion as necessary for prosperity and democracy, and trying to prevent the Civil War by providing enough expansion to satisfy all classes and sections. That very little of this was unconscious is illustrated by Seward's proposal to avoid the Civil War by taking on most of the rest of the world instead.

A bit later, when democracy and prosperity stumbled in the Panic of 1893, and when the further expansion of the American Empire was challenged by Japan and Russia, Brooks Adams and Frederick Jackson Turner came forward to restate and argue the expansionist philosophy of history in brilliant and persuasive essays. Turner's frontier thesis explained America's unique democracy as the product of expansion, thus implying (especially in a time of crisis) that further expansion was the only way to sustain it. Adams agreed, and explicitly called for continued expansion to build a new World Civilization.

The NATION

Taken up by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, and then added to the American educational curriculum along with John Dewey's emphasis on experience and growth (which reinforced and extended the frontier thesis itself), the assumed necessary connection between democracy and expansion rapidly became the American Way of Thought. At some point in that process it did become an unconscious assumption, but certainly no earlier than the first World War.

This is a crucial distinction, for it is only by understanding that it was originally conscious that we can sustain any hope of changing the outlook. And it is imperative to develop a new dynamic for democracy. Even if one argues that the expansionist outlook jibed with reality in earlier days (and let that issue be moot for this moment), such a thesis cannot be sustained after the Russians have developed their industrial state. As early as 1900, Brooks Adams sensed that a strong Russia would invalidate the expansionist philosophy of history; and in 1957 a revitalized China further underscores the point.

MOST of our present difficulties stem from continuing to apply the policy of containment-liberation—the classic implementation of the expansionist philosophy of history—to a reality which it no longer fits. The expansionist philosophy of history produces a foreign policy of *status quo* internationalism, but this is irrelevant (and exceedingly dangerous) in a rapidly changing world. Hence the problem is to define and put into practice a policy of radical internationalism designed to encourage economic development while simultaneously accepting and furthering political and cultural independence.

A good first step in this direction would be for the *status quo* internationalists, who dominate our policy-making process, to abandon the expansionist philosophy of history. Having done this, they might then awake to the truth that it is not necessary either to dominate or save the world in order to live in it creatively.

July 6, 1957

Provocative Entertainment

IN DEEP. By Bernard Wolfe. Alfred A. Knopf. 308 pp. \$3.95.
FOWLERS END. By Gerald Kersh. Simon and Schuster. 337 pp. \$3.95.

William Bittner

AS I write, it is vacation reading week; the magazines and newspapers have a section listing books for you to read while half-asleep. Very few of them this year fit the old "entertainment" formulas—murder mystery, spy, thriller, or comic character novels. Instead Westchester Henry James and Madison Avenue Proust fill the gaps between the historicals. Turnabout is fair play; with so much superficial writing in serious style it is appropriate in every sense that Bernard Wolfe's third serious novel in an entertainment format should come out now, not long after his nearest British equivalent, Gerald Kersh, has produced his most original work since *The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small*.

Both Wolfe and Kersh write books that might be classified conventionally

WILLIAM BITTNER is lecturer on literature at the New School for Social Research.

as city novels, chases, science fiction, etc. But they never use the same fiction formula twice, and they are masters at making each standard type over into something provoking and provocative. Unlike most entertainment novels, which are good for one reading on a train or a lazy summer afternoon, their books show sharp undercurrents that make them even more interesting on the second reading.

Bernard Wolfe has done almost every kind of writing imaginable for more than twenty years, but he first turned up as a novelist five years ago with *Limbo*, an erudite book that can, with a little squeezing, be shoved into the "science-fiction" pigeonhole. More precisely it is an anti-utopia novel that criticizes the trend of the present by pushing it to some kind of logical conclusion. *Limbo* is more a projection of the mental state of the present than of the technological. *The Late Risers*, his next book, uses the materials of Damon Runyan to ends that make it almost a sequel to Melville's *The Confidence Man*. Everyone in the book turns out to be the opposite of what he seems to be; "the surreptitious fusion of opposites," Wolfe calls it. In a society where

Flight and Return

Father, fist-bruises marked my cheeks and eyes;
 My mind was black against you when I ran
 Away down Garden Road. I ran through dog-
 Loud, lampless villages that steamed in rain,
 Where white-eyed children played their minnow kites
 Into a pond-dark sky. And a funeral, white
 With handkerchiefs, enclosed me, pushed me past
 A churchyard's wind-scraped epitaphs
 And out into a square where wedding guests
 Besieged a laughing bride and groom and sang.
 Beyond them spread a violet circus tent
 Where bearded ladies laughed in the clang
 Of a keeper's keys and lions roared.
 Strangely, I seemed to be invisible.
 No, no one spoke to me or gave me milk
 Or guided me past watchmen with their cruel
 And bartered eyes. At last I came to an
 Abandoned wharf and seapost verdigris
 Beneath a spinning sun, and suddenly
 I felt the corrosion of that manic sea,
 That knocking vacancy,
 And so I wept for drifting weeds and roots.
 I missed you, father, and your haloed beard,
 Your fist-blows and your index-finger truths.
 What dizzying selfhood yawns upon the sea;
 How safe the adventure of your cruelty!

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

civilization runs counter to folk culture rather than growing out of it, the illusions of Melville's story turn to self-delusions, making every man his own confidence man.

In Deep shows Wolfe ready to leap from the standard forms altogether, even though its model is the formularized spy-chase. The melodrama, well told as it is, becomes merely a surface image of the interplay between the hero and the villain, thesis and antithesis of the same psychological pattern, each involved in today's most significant social problem, the relationship of the individual to organization. Psychoanalytic flashbacks interrupt the story, stretching suspense to the breaking point and shifting the reader's attention level to one of greater analysis. Thus a cops and crooks story, a type that at best is usually a puzzle, moves beyond deduction into the greater complexities of unconscious motivation, making it a work not merely of thinking but also of feeling.

WOLFE's work is exciting because, although he has a sure touch with the forms he uses, he does not take them—or himself—too seriously, and what he has to say is immediate and shocking. He joshes the reader and plays serious intellectual games with him, more so than any other writer since Nathanael West. His books do not end, as is common in the forms they follow, with all problems solved; the conventional answers are devastated, then the questions restated with deeper insight.

So far, the most interesting thing about Wolfe's work is the promise that is in it. He is developing an esthetic of great originality from popular forms. For one thing, although *Limbo* has only one really full-dimensioned character, and he obviously Wolfe's alter ego, *The Late Risers* is full of them, and *Movement*, the Negro marijuana peddler who wears one gold earring and Brooks Brothers suits, and on whom the dual identities pivot, is as fascinating a character as I have come across in current fiction. He is just barely equalled by Michael Brod, the villain of *In Deep*. Moreover, Wolfe is on the track of doing as much for the American idiom as the writers of the Irish Renaissance did for the language of their people, transforming the stage Irish of farce to the poetry of Synge and O'Casey. His power is in wielding humor as lesser men use irony.

GERALD KERSH has written too many books, of too great a variety, for them even to be listed here. Nikita Khrushchev, in his famous television in-

terview, paraphrased two sentences from Kersh's thriller, *The Secret Masters*, and *Night and the City* was both a bestseller and a film. Although his materials come from the same levels of society as those used by George Orwell, he differs from Orwell in much the same way that Wolfe differs from West; he seems more at ease as a writer and more outgoing as a person. He is perhaps even more skillful in reproducing English popular speech than Wolfe is with American. Neither writer is of the "tape recorder" Paddy Chayevsky variety; their use of the colloquial is artfully succinct.

Fowlers End is an anti-Dickensian comedy of adaptation. Placed in a grotesque backwater of London, where the very rain is saturated with fumes from the sulphuric acid plant, the book crawls with a hilariously violent pack of humanity. Daniel Laverock, down on his luck, with the face of a battered pugilist, acts as a catalyst for the conflicts of the peculiar culture of Fowlers End. He is like an unemployed anthropologist marooned with an unknown tribe. Manipulations and counter-manipulations weave into a conspiracy so fantastic it makes Middle Eastern politics seem a children's game. The sounds, smells, sights and unclassifiable horrors are

described by Kersh with exactly the right touch.

The characters, Sam Yudenow, entrepreneur of a flea-bag cinema; his enemy and ultimate conqueror, Godbolt; little Tommy, a budding Al Capone; and the odds and sods of Fowlers End are London in essence and Dickens grown wild, complete with a Sam Weller named Copper Baldwin. Indeed Kersh's book is not unlike Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side* save that it is not an angry book and it has no pretensions toward mystic fulfillment. It is pessimistic, but not depressing.

Although *Fowlers End* is considerably more anthropological than *In Deep*, both books are deeply concerned with the effort of a man to throw off the impedimenta of childhood, the trauma and involvement with parents, particularly mothers; and with a man's efforts to remain himself but find a place in organized society. The organizations are political in Wolfe's book, cultural in Kersh's. Both writers are remarkably well-informed and experienced. They have something to say, and if they are comfortable enough in their ideas to toss them off in novels that are profoundly light, I for one will choose them over any of the ponderous voids in the bookshop.

Give a Life to Live

MEMORIES OF A CATHOLIC GIRLHOOD. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 245 pp. \$3.95.

Katherine Hoskins

IN THE foreword to this collection of autobiographical episodes, Mary McCarthy complains that many of her readers have insisted that the sketches must be fictional. This insistence is really a tribute to the adroitness and incisiveness for which her stories have been widely praised and which she uses here to good advantage. And her readers are less to be blamed because she has remained very true to the fictive vision of childhood: the kind of vision that can build up out of happiness a recollection of having rolled down three grassed terraces to a lake when, as Miss McCarthy also tells us—correcting by the light of history—there was but one terrace and the lake was far away.

We should all, however, have seen

KATHERINE HOSKINS has recently received a grant from Brandeis University for her volume of poetry, *Villa Narcisse*.

that this collection was something different by the absence of Miss McCarthy's famous wit and by the very happy absence of the revolting physical image whereby in her stories she so often drives home a point. If this makes for a flatter Mary McCarthy, it also makes for a gentler one. And as these episodes deal with her own family and herself as child, gentleness would seem to be in order. It is not only proper but remarkable in her case since, where her environment was not downright brutal, it was singularly lacking in warmth, to say nothing of love. She might, in fact, have headed the book with Yvor Winters' verse:

O small and fair of face!

In this appalling place,

The conscious soul must give
Its life to live.

But I don't suppose anyone would be live enough to write his memoirs if his "conscious soul" had not got values comparable at any rate to those it relinquished. An account of this profit and loss to the soul is, I take it, the subject matter of autobiography. And,

The NATION

according to the form one chooses, one may come up with—to invoke the giants—a *David Copperfield* or an *Education of Henry Adams*.

REALIZING that the art form of history is radically different from that of fiction, Miss McCarthy has larded her set pieces, her episodes, with informal essays. These are vantage points from which she purports to review the myth in the light of actuality, to explore the meaning of a given event, to assess the importance to her of the various people in her life. Her instinct was good and these essays promised to be the most interesting part of the book. They promised, in addition to added bulk and contrasting texture, a certain enriching or composting of the rather bleak narratives they deal with. But it takes a ruminative, speculative mind to wander fruitfully in the areas of myth, memory, the child's and the grown-up's worlds. And, for all her gifts, this is just the sort of mind that Miss McCarthy has not.

In her foreword, for instance, after an engaging if superficial account of the two different kinds of Catholicism from which her childhood suffered on the one hand and profited on the other, she ends with a brash statement of why she can get along without God that was last used successfully by Huck Finn. She hardly touches on the nature of myth, memory and truth as exemplified

by the one terrace expanded into three and similar discrepancies. We read an account of the dreadful knowledges she acquired at boarding school—for example, "... the first law of social dynamics: be suspicious of tenders of assistance." We read about the enviable education she received at the convent. But we are left to make out for ourselves any connection between these matters and the bright cruelty of her later stories, of the sensitivity of her later literary perceptions. Concerning perhaps the most outrageous chapter on corruption, the supposed explicatory essay states merely that it occurred as related.

Retired colonels and deacons used to write memoirs wherein we learned that all of one grandmother's sons married pretty wives, wherein we were presented with a portfolio of family snapshots, wherein we were expected to react gravely to the fact that a certain family name was now *extinct* (surely a word more suited to royalty or dinosaurs than to a modest bourgeois Jones or Preston). And we would try to drown the spontaneous "So what?" in charity for simple men enamoured of their lives and ignorant of means to celebrate them. But when one of the most sophisticated, not to say hep, writers of her generation produces these naïvetés, it should be a lesson to us all—not to avoid interest in ourselves, but to study very thoroughly the art form we elect to make that interest viable.

the "general public." That is largely true of all such plays, but it is through them that one often learns what is really going on in the dark places of men's souls where so much history is made.

The Chairs shows us a very aged couple in utter isolation in some remote place and time. They are expecting eminent visitors to come to hear a lecture in which the old man's message to the world will be delivered. Chairs are set out for the visitors as they arrive, but though the chairs are real the visitors are imaginary. The old man plans to speak through a professional lecturer because he himself is too inarticulate. When the lecturer is about to appear, the old man disappears—his wife along with him—ready to give up the ghost now that someone will speak for him. The lecturer addresses the empty chairs—no sound issues from his mouth.

The point of all this is supposed to be that none of us can communicate with another, but I am not convinced that that is the point. There is a

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

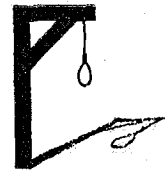
London
MOST of the recommended plays in London are foreign. Before I arrived, there was a four-week engagement at the Royal Court Theatre—seat of the "new drama"—of John Osborne's second play *The Entertainer*, with Laurence Olivier playing the part of a run-down vaudevillian.

Opinions of the play vary, but everyone agrees that Olivier's performance was brilliant. An elderly American playwright here on a visit assured me that it was interesting because it is by a young man who is sore about everything. This is often a creative state of mind in a young man, and certainly John Osborne is the young man everyone concerned with the English theatre is watching with confused admiration or irritated skepticism, but surely with interest.

July 6, 1957

I certainly wish to revisit Osborne's first play, *Look Back in Anger*, to find out exactly what it was the boy in that play was so angry about. Specifically I'd like to discover why most of the alert young people here respond sympathetically to Osborne's anger. It is a common sentiment and the same question is being asked about the younger novelists as well.

Exasperation is the spark that sets off most of the *avant garde* French plays, of which two samples are now to be seen in London: Jean Genet's *The Balcony* at the Arts Theatre and Eugene Ionesco's *The Chairs* at the Royal Court. *The Chairs*, much better produced than *The Balcony*, is a play which would have failed last year in Paris had not Anouilh reversed the reviewers' judgment by writing an enthusiastic letter to *Figaro*. It is not for



ARTHUR KOESTLER REFLECTIONS ON HANGING

\$4.50

Macmillan

Here at last!

The English Translation
of the Famous Novel by
MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

"VIRGIN SOIL UPTURNED"

This book has a fundamental message for those who wish to understand the stresses and strains of Soviet life from 1930 to the present day.

Well bound, 420 pp. \$1.50
(Postpaid, \$1.65. Send remittance with mail order.)

For other works from the USSR in English, ask for our book list No. N-18.

Four Continent Book Corp.
822 Broadway, N. Y. 3 GR 3-2018

strange humor in the play; it presents an arresting theatrical image. Though weird, it is not depressing. There is about it a light, poignant poesy.

I have emphasized the man's role. The performance of the evening however is given by a young woman, Joan Plowright, as the nonagenarian wife—quaint, sprightly, tender, always secretly smiling—a wrinkled avatar of the eternal feminine.

One thing certain about the French school of theatrical *fauves* is that they can write. Their dialogue sparkles with a mischievous nervousness in speech that is mellifluous and natural. Despite the obscenity of his vocabulary, Jean Genet is the most traditionally rhetorical of them all; he's almost classically French.

In *The Balcony*, Genet sees the most respected institutions of our civilization reaching their high point of popular sanctification in the sordid glamor of a brothel. Only one figure has not yet achieved this sort of universal adulation: the chief of police. When the revo-

lution which has broken out in the symbolic land of the play is finally smashed, after almost everyone important including the Queen has been either killed or driven into hiding, the outstanding clients and operators of the brothel take over the country and the chief of police is at last given his exalted place as one of the bordello's chief idols.

Samuel Beckett's world is that of a man who was reared in an ascetic Catholicism, but who, having lost his faith, sees life as nothing but a monotonous mess of meaningless gestures endlessly repeating themselves in the vacuum. Genet's work is rich with the colorful debris of a full-bodied culture which has lost its moral anchor and in which the only "logic" consists of enacting its true state of shameful disequilibrium through passionate perversion.

BOTH frames of mind may be said to have their justification in that they are violent protests against the disarray and hypocrisy of our world today. (In Beckett, Ionesco and Genet there are frequent references to the better times of old, but one is never quite sure whether these references are regretful or mocking.) Albert Camus has said that a purely nihilistic literature is a contradiction in terms. To write seriously is in itself to affirm. It is correct therefore to say that the drama which I have been discussing and which I have previously designated as the theatre of negation may be viewed as a poetic-paradoxical mode of moral declaration—a lyric cry of outrage. These dramatists, however, stand at the fringe of artistic expression, not at the center. That is why their work seems only partially significant. They are not like most of us; their rebellion is a little like that of a revolt in an orphanage.

How young, innocent, primitively romantic Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real* is by comparison. Like ours the London production of this play was put on in the hope of attracting large audiences. I believe this was a mistake. It has had its champions, but has not been a popular success. Its direction by Peter Hall has been praised for its color, intriguing stage effects, the movements of its scenes, its heavy application of theatrical detail. All of this is handled with professional skill, but it is an error to confuse these fireworks with creative stage direction.

The material and theme of *Camino Real* have to do with the violence and spiritual depletion of the modern scene: the clamor of heartless entertainment is the most striking ingredient of its atmosphere. But the play—like much of

Williams' work—demands a certain delicacy of tone, a kind of tender hush in which the crudities of action are seen as violations of the overall benevolence inherent in the dramatist's feeling. A jazz fierceness is not the way to convey Williams' statement. The direction of *Camino Real* "stands out," but the melody is lost.

THERE is not much melody in Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*. The Parisians—like those who saw Peter Brook's production of it at Stratford-on-Avon two years ago—raved over it. They did so because there is no French actor at present as impressive in serious roles as Laurence Olivier, nor any director in Paris who handles crowds, costumes, settings, lights and stage movement as ably as Peter Brook. The production of *Titus Andronicus* was therefore a lesson to the French in meticulous stagecraft and, as far as acting is concerned, in real command.

The sum of all this, artistically speaking, was superb melodrama on a grandiose scale. This, I would hardly need to add if I weren't talking about the contemporary theatre, is not the same as tragedy or fine art. The horrors of the play did not move or frighten me; strictly speaking, there is no reason why they should. And while Olivier does everything—groans, shouts, shrieks of pain, cries of despair, not to mention long speeches—with tremendous aplomb, one must be careful to note that it is not great acting but splendid showmanship. I say this not to denigrate but to clarify.

The production—Anthony Quale too is very much in the vein—is altogether a success in what it aims at, even though many of the young men's voices are not up to the demands of Shakespearean drama. The ladies tend to the polite side of the bloody affair.

There is something deceptive about the best in English stage direction today. Too often there is less there than meets the eye. The reason for this is that the directors are usually more concerned with the stage and its pretty or dazzling effects than with people. One has a good time, but one is rarely convinced—except when the play is just "for fun"—that the director is concerned with anything but *show*. Grease paint is a glorious thing and staginess can be captivating. But the theatre is greater than these. For the theatre, like all art, engages us most when it springs from the most—in passion and commitment to the substance of life. Theatre is philosophy in a fleshed design of action.

Having said this, I must hasten to

CUCKOO CLOCK



from
GERMAN
BLACK
FOREST

Now only \$3.95
postpaid . . . duty-free
Shipped Direct To You
from EUROPE

This low price possible only through our unique direct import plan. Genuine German weight and pendulum movement. Cuckoos cheerily every quarter hour in clear pleasing voice. HAND CARVED in traditional design by famous Black Forest wood carvers. Antique walnut finish. Perfect for den, bedroom, above, child's room or kitchen. Shipped direct from Free Europe in export packing with strange foreign stamps. Order as gifts, too, each shipped direct. (Not more than one addressed to the same person.) Send only \$3.95 for each. No C.O.D.'s. Postman collects 15¢ foreign package charge which can't be prepaid. Satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee.

ED LURIE, Dept. T. N.

67 Warren St., Roxbury, Massachusetts

Buy Your Books through THE Nation

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to
Miss O. LePach

THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

say that in Douglas Seale of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre the Old Vic has its most consistently able director of Shakespeare. His productions are traditional but vigorously so. He tells Shakespeare's tales so they hold our interest and make sense even if we see them as if we hadn't heard them before. This is rare.

In Seale's production of *Richard III*, the last of the Old Vic's present season, not only does every word sound clear and fresh (the voices are all excellent) but the play instead of smacking of the archaic, has the impact of a structure suitable to our stage. The kids in the gallery chuckled and howled over the play's atrocities as if it were a Humphrey Bogart movie. Delightful! As for a stage Shakespeare which approaches the creative level of the text—that, it seems, is a miracle that can be expected only once in a long, long while.

THE most interesting play now on view in London was written by an Australian who plays one of its leading roles: Ray Lawler's *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*. The play's chief assets are that it deals with human beings—most new London plays offer familiar puppets only—and that it presents a hitherto unexplored milieu.

To begin with there is something fascinating when we see the December holidays celebrated in warm weather! The men who cut sugar-cane in Australia work in the equatorial north for seven months a year. Their off-season begins around Christmas at which time (in the summer) they migrate to the more temperate southern zone. In the play two of those men, who have come down during the past sixteen years for their time of rest and "to live a little," resume contact with their steady girls in a sort of perennial honeymoon. The girls are faithful to the men whose arrival they await every year with an anticipation which is feverishly sentimental. None of these people quite realizes that this arrangement is a very special one indeed, and one that cannot endure indefinitely.

Their seasonal cohabitation is one long party—the inception of which one of the men celebrates each year by bringing his girl a little doll; she hangs them about her house like so many trophies. The dramatic crisis of the play comes with the seventeenth summer when one man has become too old to keep up the pace as leader of his gang on the plantation and the other begins to falter in his virility. They now have to face the reality of average living—a prospect which appals them. When the more ro-

bust and sensible of the two men suggests giving up his work in the far-away cane fields to settle down to a normal job and marriage with his girl, she—surprisingly and perhaps implausibly enough—refuses because she cannot contemplate the drudgery of ordinary domestic life. It is too late for any of these people to grow up.

The play is well acted in the tradition of intimate naturalism and its writing has the merit of homely realism with gratifying touches of folk humor and pathos. The local circumstances which make its central situation possible serve to create a kind of oblique theme which raises the play above the commonplace. Out of a realism which is not very much better than reporting, something emerges which almost achieves a symbolic significance. The combination of factors accounts for the play's success—a success which the Londoners themselves seem at some pains to understand.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Metropolitan Museum is showing for the summer, in its somewhat forbidding gallery above the main entrance hall, a selection of French 19th and 20th century sculpture—some seventy works of Degas, large bronze figures and small pieces by Rodin, female nudes by Maillo, a few Despiau portraits, a head by Brancusi entitled *Sleep*, and Bourdelle's well-known *Herakles*. Forty-five bronzes by Bourdelle were also on display at World House during June. A visit to the two exhibitions threw considerable light on the history of the sculpture of our time.

Rodin, the greatest of the nineteenth century sculptors, derived from the Baroque tradition. In fact, some of the smaller bronzes and terra cottas might be mistaken for 17th century Italian work. The distinguishing characteristic of this tradition is its preoccupation with form in movement. Its theory of modeling treated the human figure, its principal subject, as an articulated, moving skeleton over which rippled superimposed and interlocking waves of muscle and tendon. The surface of the statue was not to be arrived at by excavation into a block, by cutting away. It must be built up to, layer upon layer. The surface arrived at was in no way a static or final form. What was aimed at was the appearance of a temporary configuration of flesh and bone in movement from one position to another. These caught positions were not ex-

tremes of tension or relaxation; not the end points of a swing, but transition points along the flow of a continuous spiral. The spiral was held to be of such importance that it was sought for in all nature and in all movement. And even the movements of the stage and dance were planned as continuous progress along a spiral curve.

Thus Rodin's figures are neither in strain nor in repose. As far as I can remember, with one famous exception, they are all in motion: the *Man Walking*, caught in the motion of a step; *The Age of Bronze*, caught as if awakening from a dream. In his sculpture Degas has the same preoccupations. These bathing women and shying horses are painter's sketches not intended for display, studies of motion made as aids for painting.

Painters who work to any extent from memory have always used such sketches. The mind can remember a solid form



LOOKING for a literary AGENT?

WRITERS! For honest appraisal and placement of your short stories, articles, books and plays (TV, MOVIE, STAGE, RADIO), send postcard with your name and address. We will immediately forward complete terms together with FREE booklet YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS. Find out how you too can become a client of this agency. Write today!

DANIEL S. MEAD, Literary Agent,
419 Fourth Ave. Dept. N-3, N.Y. 16

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 103—It's free. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st Street, New York 1, New York.

FREE!
Inside
Story
on
Publishing
Your Book

If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.

Write for FREE copy of
How To Publish Your Book

COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. NA7
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

**\$1600 CASH
Awards plus
40% royalty.**

All types of
manuscripts
invited.

Best Book Contest for 1957

For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for Brochure N. Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

MANUSCRIPTS PUBLISHED

Historical, autobiographical, belle-lettres, Americana or occult material published in book, booklet or brochure form. Expert technical editing, designing and cost service free. Nation wide sales and distribution available. Write for information regarding 100% ethical plan.

RESEARCH PUBLISHING 185 N. Wabash, Chicago 1, Ill.

July 6, 1957

RESORTS

WORLD FELLOWSHIP

VACATION PLUS at World Fellowship

Combine Fellowship and Recreation at our 300-acre Forest-Lake-Mountain Estate near Conway, New Hampshire. Meet people of Various Faiths, Races and Nationalities.

Swimming, Hiking, Fishing, Folk-Dancing, Summer Theatre, Excursions
Join in conferences on the Middle East, Asia, Africa and on problems here at home.

Generous Family-style Meals, Board, Lodging & Program—\$5 to \$7 per day. Special family rates.

For full information address:

WORLD FELLOWSHIP
CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE

CHANTERWOOD FOR PEACE, where glorious lakes, deep woods, mountain-top location leave Atomic Age far behind. Informal, relaxing, moderate vacation. Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Playhouse nearby. Tennis, badminton, shuffleboard, croquet, ping-pong, etc. on grounds. Ideal swimming & boating. Retreat for business and professional people. **CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS.** Folder N.

Echo Lake Lodge

In the Green Mts. Brandon, Vermont
A delightful Vacation Resort for the Entire Family

- Private sandy beach—all water sports
- New canoes, boats, swim and fish
- Tennis, ping-pong, shuffleboard
- Music, square dancing, Summer Theatres
- Cabins with private showers

DIANA AND ABE BERMAN
Phone: Hubbardton CE 3-2501

RECORDINGS

SAVE ON ALL LP's

- Factory Fresh
- Including hard to get items
- Fast Service • Careful Packing

Write for free catalog

DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE
Box 175, Radio City Sta., N. Y. 19

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis
from Your Handwriting
Fee \$5.00

ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.

Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.

Recipient of research grants.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

\$70 WEEKLY—home, spare time. Simplified mail bookkeeping. Immediate income—easy! Auditax, 34757EA, Los Angeles 34.

PERSONALS

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! \$9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. **Steven N. Williams, Ltd.**, 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills New Jersey.

20" WINDOW FAN—Cools Average 3 to 4 room apartment. Regularly \$52.50 — **SPECIAL \$26.95.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking.

better than one of its silhouettes. The particular outline a painter draws depends on the accident of where he stands in relation to his object, and the particular chiaroscuro he sees depends on how that object is lighted. But the solid form of the figure is relatively invariable, and it is much easier to remember the figure in the round and so to model it in clay, than it is to draw from memory one of its transitory appearances. When there are complicated problems of motion and chiaroscuro to deal with, painters have often made use of such three-dimensional models.

Because these figures are working sketches (and even more because of the extraordinary detachment of Degas' mind) they are more acceptable to us today than many of the Rodins, whose sentimental and emphatic sex appeal seems somehow dated. (Compare the woman in her circular bathtub washing her toes, or the thin little dancer with her foot advanced, her stockings wrinkled, waiting her cue, both in the Degas group, with the Rodin marbles, *Love and Psyche* or *The Hand of God*, whose soft, milky bodies, emerging from their beds of unworked marble, have irresistibly the air of candy figurines.) Nevertheless, both artists were following in a most serious and professional way the living tradition of sculpture of their time—the depiction of continuous, spiral motion.

WITH the advent of the twentieth century all this changed. Movement in sculpture became less interesting and turned into an academic mannerism. The static sculpture of Egypt and archaic Greece was adopted as the stimulating model. Cezanne's dictum that all form can be analyzed into the simplicities of sphere, cylinder, cube and cone became an undisputed working method. Sculptors were taught to obtain their modeling by cutting down to the form desired rather than by building up to it. The surface became smoother and more stylized. Streamlining—based on the motion of an unyielding body through a resisting medium—replaced the idea of a body moving by the interworking of its parts.

With Cubism even painting became static. And in the ballet the system of continuous movement was discarded—under, I believe, the leadership of Fokine—for the system still used today of instantaneous transitions from one static pose to another. One notices that photographs of contemporary ballet, taken as they are at the static end positions, are frequently more expressive than the dance itself.

Bourdelle's statue of Herakles drawing his bow, at the Metropolitan, is in one such static position, tense to move but not yet moving. His angry *Harlequin*, at the World House, is caught immobile, his staff back at the extreme end of its swing and at the point of beginning his blow.

UNLIKE the sculpture of Bourdelle, the Maillol girls have no movement at all. In a way they are the finest things the static school produced. By some wonderful, and perhaps French, sense of measure, they do nothing wrong. There are excesses neither of sex appeal nor of streamlining. The surfaces are still human. The results are nevertheless a little dull. Brancusi perfected a streamlining so elaborate and delicate that the variation of its surface can be detected only by the finger tips and his work becomes a sort of sculpture for the blind. With people of less talent, the static aesthetic—elimination of movement and "cutting down" to the surface—and Maillol's influence toward sculptured figures with calves and ankles too heavy to move, led to the decorative styles and tubular statuary of our century's international expositions.

This vulgarization of the static style we now find, at the mid-century, extremely tiresome, so it is not at all surprising that today the Lippold *Sun* in shimmering golden wire, and the Calder mobiles, where elegance is in lightness and where motion is an integral part of the machine itself, enjoy enormous popularity. Even automobile design, which is acutely aware of current trends, has abandoned the streamlined teardrop for the much more entertaining image of the motor boat breasting the waves. Motion in sculpture must be coming back.

Footnote

It was an age of invention—
The sealed van, guaranteed,
Everyone dead on arrival;
Made in Germany.

All frontiers wore
The latest in landscapes,
Proliferous wire
Over vanished woods.

Nearly everyone lived
In the exile's country,
And nobody knows
Where the birds went.

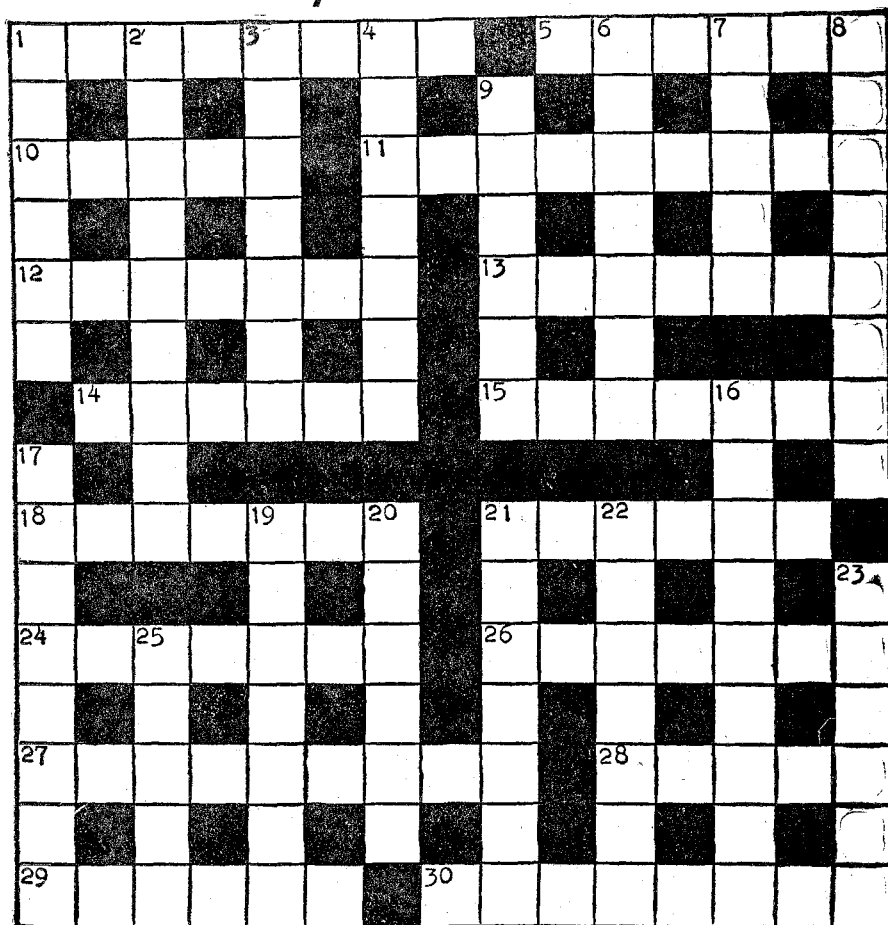
Our wars were chiefly
Waged against children,
Perpetual trudgers
On endless newsreels.

CHARLES NORMAN

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 731

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Need just this in an undisciplined manner? (8)
- 5 Act like Theda Bara again, or just use the same old material? (6)
- 10 and 17 Even dropping inevitably, as one calls the play. (5,4,4)
- 11 One wouldn't expect him to be 2, as his watch is paid for. (9)
- 12 Puts one on the right track of what might be in store. (7)
- 13 Teller who passes phony bills? (7)
- 14 Sounds like a count, as one realizes. (6)
- 15 The way to cause the end of the oldest royalty. (7)
- 18 Such things haven't been tackled by essayists, obviously. (7)
- 21 An agreement to endeavor to dine inside? (6)
- 24 In short, it's gone from SMWTFS. (7)
- 26 Bully? Quite the opposite in exchange. (7)
- 27 Where you can see the choir take a "Jerusalem" variation. (9)
- 28 See 9 down
- 29 Acting like a decoy. (6)
- 30 Pearl is so refined! (8)
- 1 nics. (7)
- 4 The place where a little holy man climbs trees. (7)
- 6 The clergy was the first of these in France. (7)
- 7 He might sit opposite the bidder. (5)
- 8 Depicts what might come from the left beam? (8)
- 9 and 28 across Abraded smooth where the entrance might be? (6,5)
- 16 Always follows a sort of tree I associate with a dog. (9)
- 17 See 10 across
- 19 Glucoside. (Rather brave to surround such a large number!) (7)
- 20 The deterioration of a medical man with conservative upbringing. (3,3)
- 21 Ale, but a bad show! (7)
- 22 Is Paul about to tee up? Quite the contrary, but his standing might be shown by it. (7)
- 23 What Ahab did, when beaten. (6)
- 25 Come in like a joiner, not to cavil. (5)

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLE NO. 730

ACROSS: 1 THEMSELVES; 6 ROOF; 10 ERLKING; 11 TUESDAY; 12 IMPS; 13 WATERPROOF; 15 GLEANED; 16 EARN-EST; 17 EMBLEMS; 20 STORAGE; 22 GOLDEN MEAN; 23 TARA; 25 IN DUTCH; 26 GARLAND; 27 HAGS; 28 SWEEPSTAKE. DOWN: 1 THE KING'S ENGLISH; 2 ELLIPSE; 3 SLIP; 4 LAGGARD; 5 EXTREME; 7 OLD ROSE; 8 FLY OFF THE HANDLE; 9 PEPPER POT; 14 INTERESTS; 18 BULLDOG; 19 SOMEHOW; 20 SPANGLE; 21 ALABAMA; 24 ARMS.

DOWN:

- 1 Gain an immediate victory, and still get beat! (6)
- 2 Not responsible for the L.T.G. engine output. (9)
- 3 No tug is used to get to such pic-

RESORTS

Operation Pamper:

Were your parents building your character when they should have been spoiling you? Feel the need of a little pampering? Crystal Lake Lodge is the open door to indulgence: 1500 private acres, golf range, 9 pro clay tennis courts, swimming, fishing in 60 acre lake stocked with tagged fish . . . catch one and you'll be babied free for a weekend. Dance to Teddy Charles Jazz Band. Owned and operated by the Slutsky family.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE

CHESTERTOWN 1, N. Y.

phones: 3830 — in N.Y.C. OL 3-1884

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE

Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.

FOREST HOUSE

Lake Mahopae, N.Y. • Tel. Mahopae 8-2449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAirbanks 6-7227

Stonegate LODGE

ON LONG LAKE, N. Y.

Informal Adult Resort in the Adirondacks

Charming Estate — Limited to 90 — Pollen Free

Folk-Sq. Dances — Concert Trio — Dance Band

Crafts • Delicious Food • Motor Boating

Tennis • Golf • Fishing

N.Y. Office: 250 W. 57th • Circle 6-6386

Red. Rates to July 10

Louis A. Roth, Dir.



MUSIC and CHARM,
we have BOTH

Arrowhead Lodge

in ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

Empire State Music Festival 1½ miles away. Clay tennis courts, entertainment, folk, square and social dancing. Painting, arts and crafts. Golf, all sports. 2 hrs. from N.Y.C. (Thruway)
Call DE 2-4578 Ellenville 502

WINDY HILL ON ORANGE LAKE

Tel.: Newburgh 1232
A pleasantly informal vacation in friendly atmosphere. Swimming, Boating, Fishing on Natural Lake. Badminton, Volley Ball, Ping-pong, other sports. Records, books. Summer Theatre, Golf nearby. Food of excellent quality in generous quantity. \$55.00 Weekly; \$8.00 Daily
Weekend: Fri. Supper thru Sun. Dinner \$16.
1½ hrs. from N.Y.C. via Thruway
Jane C. Arenz, R.D. No. 1, Walden, N.Y.

West Point Farms

RELAX Formerly Lewisohn estate.
Rooms w. private bath.
40 mi. from N. Y.
Charcoal broiled foods.
Latest swim-pool. Golfing
next door. Reserve now.
Central Valley, N. Y.
Wabash 8-7895

ADVERTISE YOUR WANTS
IN THE NATION

TO READERS

On September 1, The Nation will increase its subscription price to \$8 for one year, \$14 for two years, and \$20 for three years.

This will be the first increase in The Nation's subscription rates since 1949. We resisted the pressures of rising costs as long as it was humanly possible to do so. But with paper costs up 27 per cent since 1952 alone, and printing and staff costs up proportionately, the rate increase now becomes mandatory.

Our announcement is made this early to give readers an opportunity to save money by subscribing, or renewing their subscriptions, now.

New subscriptions and renewals will be honored at the present rates of \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years and \$17 for three years provided they are received in this office before September 1. (Renewals will begin upon expiration of your current subscription.)

George S. Pastore

The Publisher

USE THIS
COUPON

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14

Please send THE NATION

☐ One Year, \$7 ☐ Three Years, \$17
☐ Two Years, \$12 ☐ 6 Months, \$3.50
(Canadian and Foreign Postage \$1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

7-6